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miral Stockdale on
ATIONAL SECURITY
—see page 771

NATIONAL REVIEW

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Two Hundred Years After

The Articles of Confederation

Thomas Wendel

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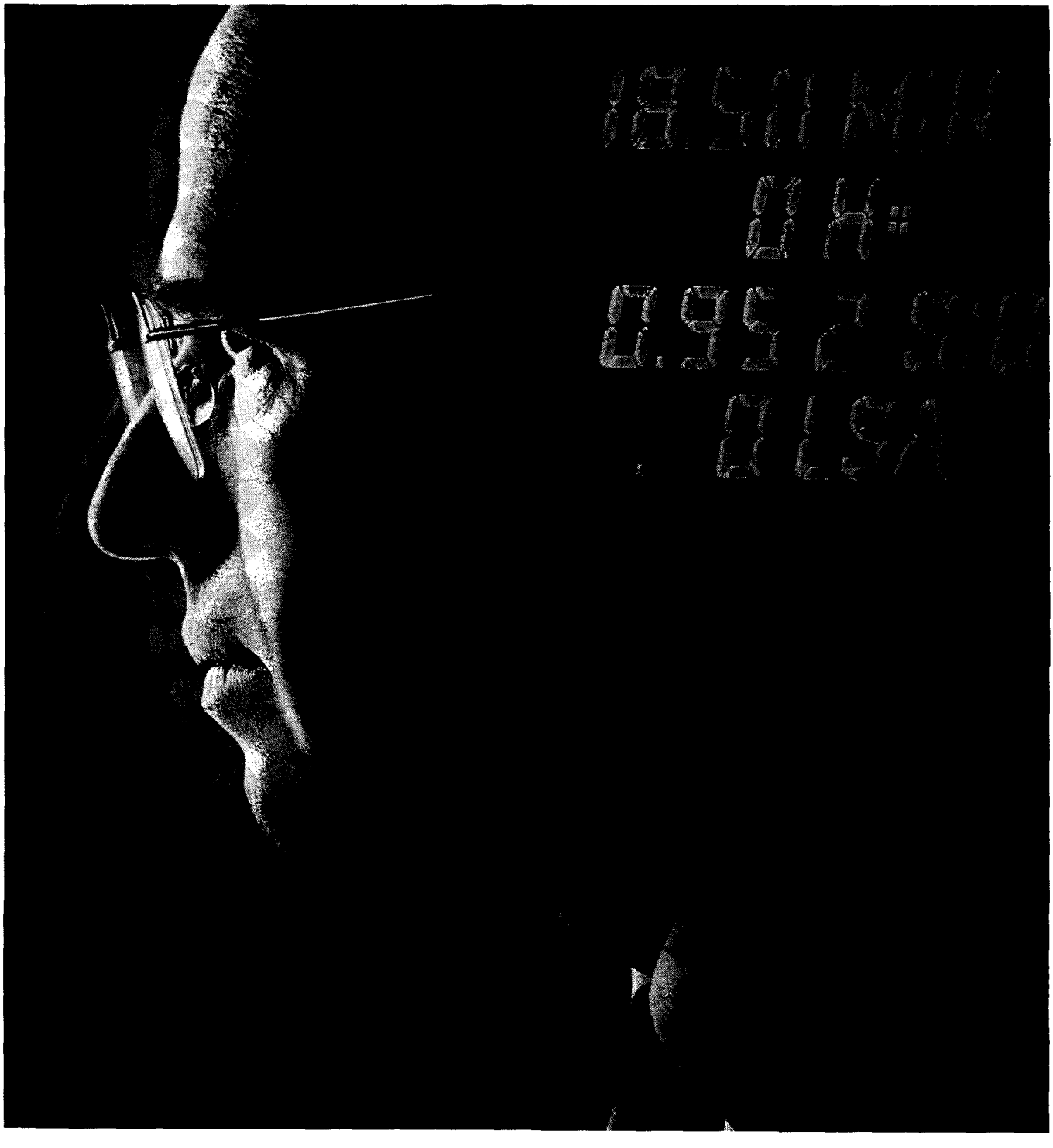

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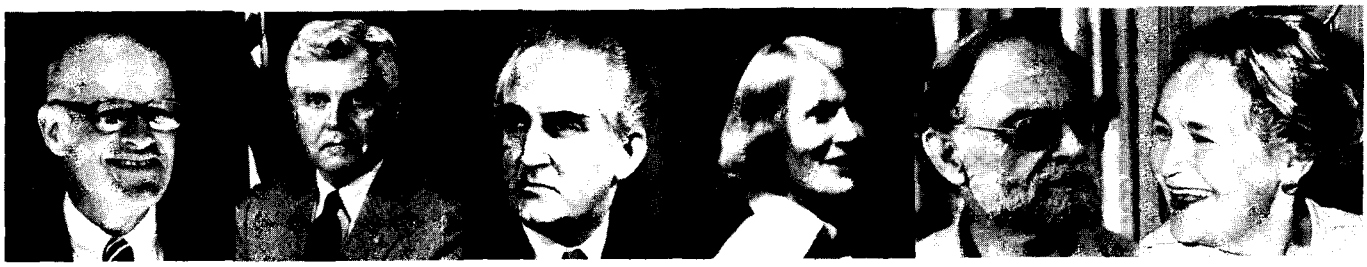

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The Glorious Fourth

768 The Articles of Confederation

Yawn . . . ho-hum . . . zzzzzz . . . did somebody say "Articles of Confederation"? Who cares? Weren't they woefully inadequate? Superseded by the genius of the Constitution, and all that? If that's what you're thinking, a lot *you* know about it! The Articles were themselves an inspired document. You're about to learn of Benjamin Franklin's most important invention. *Thomas Wendel*

Articles & Columns

771 Toward Honor or Efficiency

Some basic philosophical questions—questions by which civilizations define themselves—were never more sharply posed than in a North Vietnamese POW camp. A former prisoner has come home to remind us of the difference between the cost/benefit analyst, who counsels prudence, and the code that says: We shall never surrender. Defeat may be unavoidable. Capitulation never is. *James Bond Stockdale*

777 Yamani's Book of Revelations

Contrary to Enlightened Public Opinion on the subject, "friendly" Saudi Arabia is occasionally candid about the purposes to which she means to put the oil weapon. But the West has its own weapons—including Saudi greed and corruption. *J. B. Kelly*

779 Taiwan Springs Back

Wounded by American derecognition—on eight hours' notice—Taiwan has fully recovered. In the process, it has learned a good deal about itself. *Mary McSherry*

783 The Enemy Within

We owe a good deal of our knowledge of Soviet affairs to a strange organization: a private news-smuggling system. *Lennart Frantzell*

785 Ministry—New Style

Screwtape counsels a fledgling man of the cloth in the art of preaching revolution without disturbing his flock's moral complacency. *L. H. Gann*

Books Arts & Manners

786 Ulysses S. Grant was so lousy a President that we forget he was a great man. A new biography, says **Charles Burton Marshall**, may help us remember. . . . **Jack Chatfield** welcomes Kenneth Stampp's refreshing *The Imperiled Union: Essays on the Background of the Civil War*. . . . Robert Penn Warren introduces, **Margaret Dickie Uroff** praises, *The Collected Stories of Caroline Gordon*. . . . Muriel Spark's 16th novel shows her in her usual form: witty and a bit weird. **Thomas Mallon** reports. . . . **Joseph Sobran** witnesses the big showdown: Gilder *v.* Kristol. . . . Yes, Virginia, there *was* a Boston tradition in painting. **Ruth Berenson** finds much to say for its golden days. . . . How do magazines test recipes? Insider **Nika Hazelton** spills the beans on the whole enchilada, as it were.

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It Can Happen Here.

It was a quiet April evening, shortly before midnight, and Deanna Ussery had already gone to bed. The house was dark except for a nightlight in the bedroom of her eight-year-old daughter, Sheila Ann.

Suddenly, there was an explosion of gunfire, and 12-gauge shotgun slugs shattered Sheila Ann's bedroom windows, ripping her bedspread and tearing holes in the wall just above her bed. Miraculously, no one was hurt. Sheila Ann was away for the night.

A made for TV movie? No, a real-life story of terror in Hot Springs, Arkansas, as set forth in the official record of a trial against a United Steelworkers of America local in Garland County Circuit Court.

It is a story of union violence and harassment against five courageous women who defied the strike orders handed down by officials of a USW local against National Rejectors, Inc. of Hot Springs.

Even after the strike was over, the women were subjected to name calling, obscene language and threats. Glue or grease was rubbed on their chair seats at work. Supervisors had to accompany them to the bathroom for their protection.

There were repeated incidents of hair-pulling, shoving, slapping and tire-slashing. They were pursued in their cars by thugs who tried to run them off the road.

The terror might have continued for many more months if it hadn't been for the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation. The Foundation is the only publicly supported charitable institution in America organized solely to provide free legal aid to employees whose rights have been violated because of abuses resulting from compulsory unionism.

After being asked for help, Foundation attorneys immediately filed charges with the National Labor Relations Board, demanding an end to the campaign of intimidation and terror. The Board swiftly responded and the union publicly promised not to engage in such activities in the future if the NLRB agreed not to prosecute.

With the Foundation's assistance, the five women also brought suit against the union and its officers in the Arkansas state court. In May 1980, a trial court jury awarded them a total of $250,000 in damages to compensate them for their losses and suffering, and to punish the union for its lawlessness.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation is currently helping American workers in more than 100 cases across the country, ranging from other union violence cases to those involving academic and political freedom and other fundamental rights. But it would like to do even more.

If you'd like to help Deanna Ussery and other workers like her, we'd like to hear from you.

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Letters

Comrades in Compassion

You would need a head of stone not to laugh at Joseph Sobran's account of Tip O'Neill squeezing himself into his moral corset and Reagan abetting poeticide ["The Party of Compassion," June 26]. Still, it would be a pity if the pyrotechnics of the piece were to distract from the questions it raises. Members of the journalistic fraternity in particular ought to commit two or three to memory and recite them morning and night for a few years. My candidates: Why do we assume that Big Spending enhances the human condition? Why has Victimology become a rogue discipline? Why are we so hard on capitalists and so soft on the New Class?

Eva Ehrsam
Albuquerque, N.M.

The Ukrainians and the Poles

It appears a bit presumptuous of Professor Lukacs, in his otherwise excellent piece "Easter in Warsaw" [June 12], to observe that the reaction of Ukrainians to Poles is one of "hate and envy." Professor Lukacs knows well that, within the present context, there is no conceivable way by which Ukrainian sentiment toward the Solidarity movement can be measured. The Ukrainian émigré community in the Free World consists predominantly of Ukrainians from those western areas that have been such a continuous source of contention between Poles and Ukrainians. A casual glance through their publications would convince Professor Lukacs that even these Ukrainians—who could be expected to be most anti-Polish—are as jubilant and hopeful as the Poles themselves are.

As regards the attitude of Ukrainians in Ukraine, it is equally clear to me, from all the *samizdat* literature and correspondence with friends and relatives abroad, that Ukrainians—far from "hate and envy"—consider Polish success to be a major step toward Ukrainian freedom. Interestingly enough, when the Soviets sought to mobilize their reserves in western Ukraine in apparent preparation for an invasion, Ukrainians either deserted or refused to serve in such large numbers that the whole command structure had to be disbanded. This is hardly indicative of "hate and envy."

It is unfortunate that even such a customarily erudite and astute commentator as Professor Lukacs is capable of an error rather commonplace among historians. He has failed to recognize that a whole generation has passed since the last Ukrainian-Polish conflict, and that the current generation of Poles and Ukrainians is far more sophisticated and tolerant of each other in the face of a common adversary. I would be willing to wager with the good Professor that if the Soviets invade Poland, Ukrainian soldiers—just as during the Hungarian Revolution—will join the Polish comrades-in-arms against the Russians.

George Woloshyn
Falls Church, Va.

Who Hath Music . . .

I read with great interest the recent article "Easter in Warsaw." I enjoyed the article, but was particularly fascinated by Mr. Lukacs's impression of Polish hymnody. The musical notation in the article tantalized me for some time before I determined exactly which "Communion" song he had actually heard. I believe that I have found it.

The song title would be "Jezusa Ukrytego." I have been a practicing Catholic church musician for 37 years, many of those years exercising this ministry in Polish churches.

Polish hymnody, as you may know, is relatively stable. Unlike church music in this country, where literally thousands of new hymns are composed each year, Polish hymns are sung traditionally for generations. Which fact allows me to feel quite certain that the hymn "Jezusa Ukrytego" is the one John Lukacs found so lovely.

Gerald L. Mazurkiewicz
Rochester, Mich.

An Appreciation

Based on the number of comments I have heard about Neal Freeman's column on me ["The Current Wisdom," May 29], NATIONAL REVIEW must have a huge pass-along readership! It seems like everyone I know saw the piece.

My sincere thanks for the kind words! And Mr. Freeman is right about one thing for sure—these *are* the good old days!

William L. Armstrong
U.S. Senator
Aurora, Colo.

Free Education

John Saxon's astonishingly successful method of teaching algebra ["Algebra Made . . . Understandable," May 29] is an example of the kind of advances in education likely to be made—and, more importantly, widely applied—if the government ever allows a measure of competition in elementary and secondary education by granting tuition tax credits.

A public-school teacher for ten years, I believe genuine innovations like Mr. Sax-

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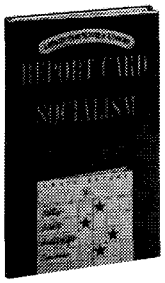

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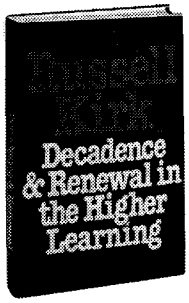

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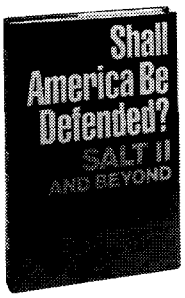

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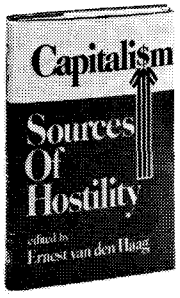

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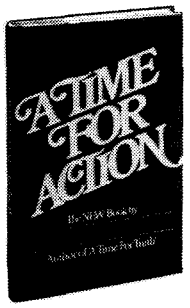

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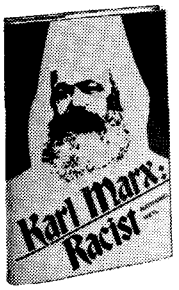

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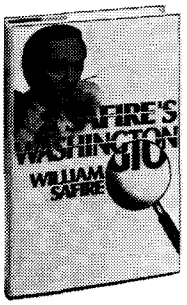

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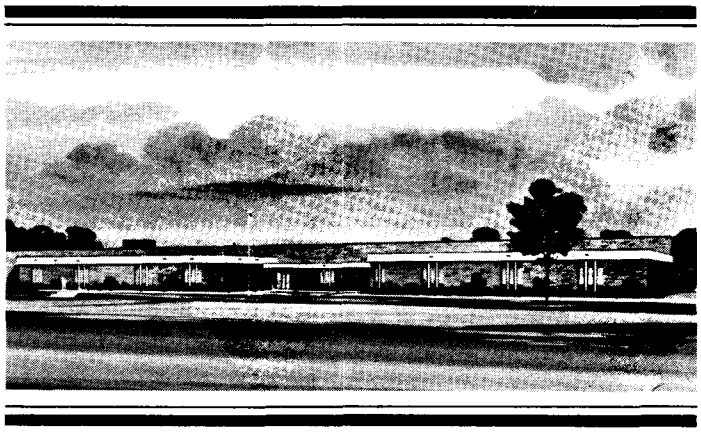

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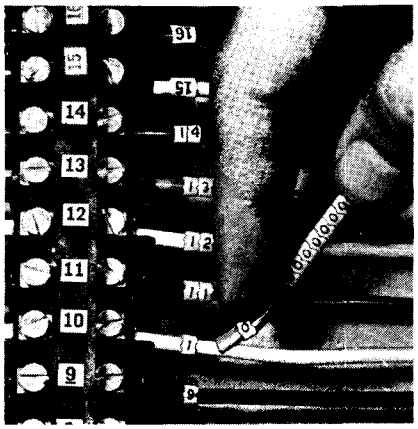

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A climate of choice and competition would also attract many more talented people to education. The 18-year decline in SAT scores is well known, but SAT scores of prospective teachers in 1980 were 48 points below the already low national average in math and 35 points below the average in verbal skills (see *Newsweek*, April 27, 1980).

Tom W. Shuford
Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

Saving the Queen

Re: "A Terrible Bombast Is Born" [May 29]:

While you prefer to take a stand
Regarding "McNamara's Band"
That saves the Queen the cost of playing fair,
I'd rather hum that Irish ditty
Than attempt—from New York City!—
To whistle up a Londonderry Air.

Joseph McGrath
Verplanck, N.Y.

Art and Politics

In Jeffrey Hart's book review "The (Mostly) Sunlit Hemingway" [May 29], I find the most astounding statement that could have been made by a conservative. Speaking of the realists and naturalists of the 1920s, he says that the American moderns changed the world "for the better in every area of their influence." How can this be? Most of them advocated economic determinism or some other type of fatalism. Their disillusionment was due to their lack of faith, not only in God, but in absolute moral values. Any political influence they exerted was toward the left. Faulkner seems to stand alone in defense of those values shared by conservatives.

I would expect a conservative to take the side of Irving Babbitt against the modern movement.

Daniel Glenn Walters
Fletcher, N.C.

Irving Babbitt was wrong. His great modernist student, T. S. Eliot, was right. The political-cultural opinions of artists and writers exist in two loci: their public avowals and their art. Their public avowals are usually uninteresting. As D. H. Lawrence said, believe the tale not the teller. The work tells the story. A new and often perfect prose. A sense of freedom and possibility. Fitzgerald's "romantic readiness" and Hemingway's grace under pressure were not "left-wing." Joyce's detestation of ugliness and negation were conservative. Picasso's sense of freedom in his expression finished him with the Communists. It is no accident that the Soviets hate modern art. The modern movement in the arts is conservative in any correct understanding of the word. —JH

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Party's getting rough. Front and center last week were Democrats **Richard Bolling** (chairman of the House Rules Committee) and **Jim Wright**, House Majority Leader. Said Bolling, surveying the **Reagan**-caused devastation about him: The President is trying to impose "a totalitarian" rule over the Congress. "This is an incipient tyranny, a popular President is attempting to tyrannize a whole Congress, a whole people." Chirped Wright: There has never been an Administration that has demanded to "dictate so completely to Congress." And, heavy-handedly: "I don't know what it will take to satisfy them, I guess for the Congress to resign and give them our voting proxy cards." . . . One cause for Democratic dismay, recent **Harris** on what are perceived as the most important issues facing the country: they are 1) inflation, 2) helping the old and needy who've been hurt by inflation, 3) "backing President Reagan in what he wants to do." Even more devastating, the poll showed 80 per cent of Americans feel the President "has a highly attractive personality and inspires confidence in the White House." . . . Tensions between White House and Reagan loyalists who felt they were being short-changed in early appointments much lessened in recent weeks, according to **Lou Cannon** of *Washington Post*, as longtime Reagan supporters have started filling secondary and tertiary jobs in departments and agencies. . . . The Republican National Committee also eased tensions with activist New Right by refusing to endorse National Chairman **Richard Richards**'s attacks on the independent political action committees, most notably **Terry Dolan**'s very active NCPAC. . . . **Lyn Nofziger**, for one, is all for NCPAC's campaign against Sen. **Paul Sarbanes** (D., Md.): "It had a salubrious effect from our point of view and an unsalubrious effect from his point of view." . . . Rundown by **American Jewish Congress**: one out of four Jews (28 per cent) who voted for Carter in '76 voted for Reagan in '80.

Shailo, *Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"I wish you could read this."

■ For the record, as the rhetoric over the Legal Services Corp. escalates: Rep. **Jim Sensenbrenner** (R., Wis.) asked General Accounting Office to investigate whether Legal Services was engaged in illegal lobbying to get its mandate extended. The GAO found that the LSC, its employees, and its grant recipients had all broken the law. . . . On **Davis-Bacon**, the fifty-year-old law that pushes up construction costs on federal projects, chairman **Don Nickles** of Senate Labor subcommittee says it should be abolished, not reformed, and so does **James McIntyre**, **Jimmy Carter**'s OMB director. "Outright abolition is needed," he says, "not cosmetic changes." . . . While the **Black Caucus** in Congress is opposed to any lowering of minimum wage for teenagers, the black community divides evenly on the subject, according to Data Black Public Opinion Polls, which shows 37 per cent favoring a lower minimum for young people, 36 per cent opposed. Also surprising (this is a Harris polling): more blacks (64 per cent) approve a voucher program to permit free choice of schools than whites (51 per cent).

■ About those French elections. Despite **Georges Marchais**'s claims of victory, the French Communists lost half their seats in Chamber of Deputies (44 out of 86); all members of the Communist Secretariat were defeated and six of 11 members of the Politburo. . . . The CP was also forced to eat crow (approve NATO, attack Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, warn Moscow to behave on Poland, approve Camp David Accords) before they were accepted into **Mitterrand** government. Said Marchais, when shown the statement (eight hours before okaying it): "You may as well give me a Socialist Party membership card to sign."

■ Mark your calendars: **YAF's National Convention** will be held at Park Hotel, Boston, Aug. 19 to 23. For info write: Boston '81, c/o YAF, 1002 Sterling, Va. 22170. . . . Annual **ISI summer schools** will be held at Claremont Men's College, Claremont, Calif. July 12 to 17 ("The Sinews of Peace: Can Western Civilization Survive the Twentieth Century?"), and at Rosemont College, Rosemont, Pa., Aug. 16 to 22 ("The Things Worth Fighting For: American Foreign Policy and the Problem of Will"). Write: Intercollegiate Studies Institute, Inc., 14 S. Bryn Mawr Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010.

■ Going the rounds in Qum: **Sadr** but wiser?

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THE WEEK

■ Resolved that the United States of America kills one million babies a year by selling nutritious infant formula to Third World mothers, 95 nations concurring, the United States opposed, the World Health Organization hereby declares that it prohibits the dilution of Third World politics with uncontaminated logic.

■ If they catch Bani-Sadr, do we have to give *his* wealth back too?

■ The green-ribbon set was thrown into confusion when Atlanta police arrested a *black* man—a homosexual, yet—in connection with the long chain of murders of young black males. Let's hope, for the sake of Jesse Jackson, Dick Gregory, assorted civil-rights groups, gay alliances, ribbon merchants, and metaphormongers, that they've got the wrong guy, and that the real killer—a white, rednecked, Moral Majoritarian, supply-side, budget-cutting heterosexual—will be apprehended before he strikes again.

■ The air traffic controllers settled with the Administration before their strike deadline (a convenient thing), and they settled on the Administration's terms (a good thing). Yet it is a pity, in a way, that the Administration was denied the chance to accomplish a very good thing—to make the point that strike threats by federal employees are primarily a legal, and not an economic, matter. If a service is important enough for the government to compel taxpayers to support it, then it is important enough for the government to compel its employees to keep it running. A few union leaders in the pokey, and a plump fine (say a million dollars a day, and if it isn't legal, why not?), would have made the point nicely.

■ *The New Yorker*, alas, hasn't heard that the Sixties are over. Make that the Thirties. In a late spring issue it ran a long piece on national security by one Richard Barnet, without pausing to mention to the little old lady in Dubuque that Barnet is chief honcho of the leftist Institute for Policy Studies. That helps explain why Barnet told her that "in Afghanistan, the Soviets are telling the government to become more conservative [*sic!*], to make peace with the trading class, and in general to be more gentle with the people." The little old lady must be wondering if that wasn't what Hitler and Stalin were trying to tell the government in Poland.

■ The United States gave Pakistan a $3-billion Christmas present (they gave it on June 15, but in the United States, it's always Christmas), and some voices have been raised in protest on the grounds that Pakistan's leaders are insufficiently Jeffersonian, and their nuclear program is insufficiently peaceful. Against which we may set the facts that: 1) 85,000 Soviet troops are camped out across the border in Afghanistan; 2) thousands of Afghanistani refugees have taken up residence in Pakistan, and Afghanistani guerrillas slip back and forth across the border; 3) Pakistan is the conduit for whatever aid we are giving the Afghanistanis; 4) Soviet atlases have taken to showing a country known as Baluchistan, which stretches to the Indian Ocean and includes generous helpings of the country to which we have just been so generous.

■ TIPSCAM (contd.): Like a broken record, Tip continues to call the President uncaring and unconcerned, and his advisors "very, very selfish people," before every audience he gets. William A. Rusher, in his newspaper column, has gently but firmly raised a warning finger: "Ronald Reagan comes from a Midwestern family a damsite poorer than the Massachusetts graftocracy that nurtured Tip O'Neill. . . . As for his current associates, there isn't one of them in the malodorous league of Tip O'Neill's old crony Tongsun Park, the Korean rice dealer and self-confessed briber of congressmen, who in the early 1970s threw parties costing six thousand bucks for O'Neill (then House Majority Leader) and presented him with two hurricane lamps and a set of golf clubs to boot. People who live in glass houses of those dimensions had better lay off stone-throwing."

■ Let's see. As we understand them, Tony Lewis, Tom Wicker, and Jack Newfield have reduced the authoritarian/totalitarian distinction to whether you approve of torture or not.

Iran's Revolution

They've finished with Madame Defarge;
  The heads have been carted away.
The Terror is clearly in charge,
  And Danton is having his say.
But nobody's good with a gun;
  The army is less than a thrill.
Marengo still waits to be won,
  While Waterloo looms on the hill.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The big woman-hunt is on. Ronald Reagan, rejector of ERA and quotas, is determined to replace Potter Stewart with a female Supreme Court Justice. That's the word around town.

Alas, the search thus far has been unavailing. Promising, talented, experienced women, yes. But a woman who even comes close to the stature required for the job at this critical juncture, no. Insiders are urging the President to take the focus off gender and put it on merit and national need. No seat on the Supreme Court is reserved for anyone, whether Jew, Catholic, black, woman, American Indian, Mexican-American, or homosexual, they appositely note.

Beyond this axiomatic reality, however, is the specific and urgent need of the Republic now, namely, for the High Court to become united, authoritative, a national institution with the broad and settled equilibrium that the Founding Fathers envisioned for it. Instead, the Supreme Court of today is disarrayed, issuing blurred signals, zigging from one ruling and zagging to another. Shifting coalitions of Justices come together for individual decisions that are unintegrated into any governing body of jurisprudential doctrine.

This *ad hoc*-ing by the Supreme Court develops a perverse momentum as it spreads through lower courts. Those federal courts are denied the guidance they need to avoid indulging their inordinately liberal proclivities. Bear in mind, please, that federal courts are 40 per cent populated by Jimmy Carter clones, i.e., his appointees. The damage that they can inflict can be gauged from a simple listing of the areas in which the High Court has itself vacillated, equivocated, or, if you will, floated: affirmative action, school busing, government aid to nonpublic schools, abortion, sex discrimination, the death penalty, closed trial, warrantless police searches, cruel and unusual punishment, right to counsel, double jeopardy, the exclusionary rule, the one man/one vote principle as applied to local governments, the constitutionality of voting laws that reduce the power of racial minorities to elect one of their own, health and safety regulations, vertical restraints on trade, mergers, monopolies, and patents.

Why is the Supreme Court equivocating so much? Why all the unpredictability? Why the close splits and polarizations? Because the middle of the Court floats. Four Justices (until June 18, five) float from ruling to ruling: Lewis Powell, Harry Blackmun, Byron White, and John Paul Stevens. These Justices align themselves unpredictably with predictable liberals William Brennan and Thurgood Marshall, or predictable conservatives Warren Burger and William Rehnquist. The result is that the split rulings exert too little binding containment of lower courts. Jimmy Carter's federal judges—and they are legion—are not being corralled within any reasonable discretion by lucid, compelling, and authoritative decisions. The Court lacks principled jurisprudence and institutional doctrine. Grave news for the Republic.

How is this fragmentation to be stopped? By anchoring the floating middle. The four floaters at the center must be attracted by an intellectual force and a dominance of stature, a new Justice whose power and acuity and volume of mind will exert a persuasion over this collegial decision-making group. Ronald Reagan must appoint a present-day John Marshall. When Marshall was on the bench as the lone Federalist appointed by a Federalist President, he was surrounded by Justices all appointed by Republican Presidents. By the force of his reasoning and the stature of his personality, Marshall was able to maintain unity in the Court on all pivotal issues.

So the thinking goes among the long-headed Court watchers in this city. Their candidate? Robert Bork, who, they say, stands head and shoulders above the rest of the field. Bork is perhaps best known as the Solicitor General who succeeded Elliot Richardson and William Ruckelshaus as Attorney General after the Saturday Night Massacre. (Less well known is the fact that Richardson personally urged Bork to stay on as AG—even if it entailed the firing of Archie Cox—to maintain the institutional continuity of the Justice Department.) A profound thinker, Bork is a former Yale professor who has himself argued some one hundred cases before the Supreme Court. Not only does he have a laser-like intellectual brilliance, but also a facility of expression now so ruefully wanting on the Court. If anyone can lasso that wayward, floating center, and tie it to a principled and institutional jurisprudence, that person is Robert Bork. —CATO

■ If you are wondering what has become of New York City's famed fiscal management, it is on loan to Chicago. The Illinois Commerce Commission has approved large fare increases in a desperate effort to keep Chicago commuter trains running. But the chairman of the Regional Transportation Authority, which subsidizes the commuter lines, says the fare increases are "unconscionable," and threatens to sue, notwithstanding that his own agency is up to its hocks in debt. Where will the money come from to subsidize Chicago commuters? Unconscionable taxes.

■ Is Mitterrand a Rolls-Royce salesman? asks Daniel Seligman in *Fortune*. Why else would he be increasing upper-bracket tax rates? Everyone knows such taxes don't generate tax revenues, but they do lower the cost of expensive cars. Soaking the rich increases luxury spending, because it lowers the after-tax value of the income from investments. The 98 per cent tax rate on British investment income reduced the effective income on a $50,000 investment returning 10 per cent per annum to a mere $100 a year. With such tax rates, the cost to an investor of purchasing a Rolls-Royce with his $50,000 was to give up an income of $100 annually—a very small price indeed.

■ Every pious Canadian leftist faces south three times a day and denounces U.S. involvement in El Salvador; also, at least once in his lifetime he is expected to make a pilgrimage to the holy city of Havana. Ed Broadbent, leader of the New Democratic Party and vice president of the Socialist International, combined

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both religious observances during his recent Social International-sponsored peace mission to Latin America. First he spent two hours of a record-breaking four-hour private audience with Pope Fidel discussing El Salvador. Then a few days later he was in Nicaragua expressing "profound sympathy" with the "social transformation" that has taken place there since the fall of Somoza. Finally, it was on to Washington, where he condemned the U.S.-backed plan for March elections in El Salvador as "a travesty of the norms of justice." A good week's work.

■ June 27 marked the third anniversary of life in the American Embassy in Moscow for the Siberian Seven—five members of the Vashchenko family and two members of the Chmykhalov family. A bill to grant them permanent residence status in the Embassy, first introduced last year by Senator Carl Levin, remains bottled up in the Senate Subcommittee on Immigration. If the bill ever emerges, chances for full Senate approval are excellent—it already has 59 co-sponsors. If it doesn't emerge, credit the Reagan State Department, which fears, as did the Carter State Department, that the bill would set a "dangerous" precedent.

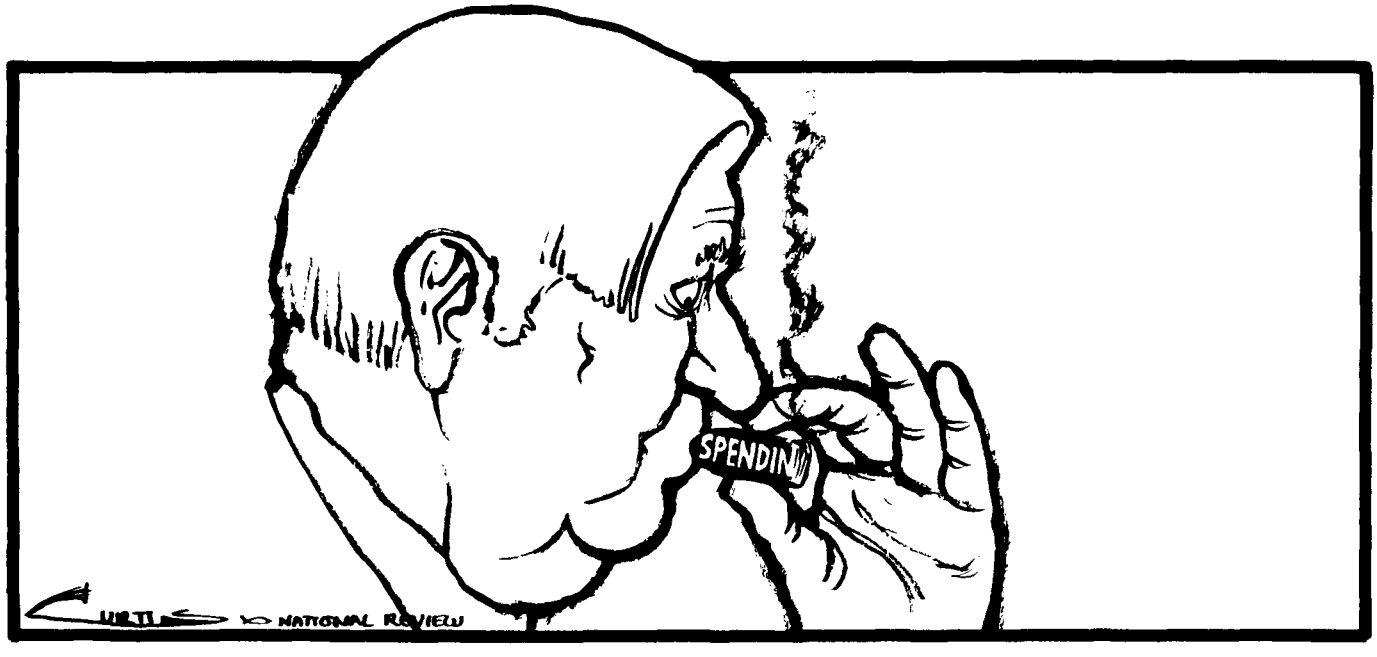
■ Upon assuming office French President Mitterrand ordered a 10 per cent increase in the minimum wage, a 10 per cent increase in farm workers' pensions, a 20 per cent increase in pensions for the handicapped, a 25 per cent increase in family allowances, and a 50 per cent increase in government housing allowances. As all these decreed payments and costs pass through the economy, the pressures will build to fight inflation by fixing business prices and to hold down spending by cutting other budget items. Little wonder the Soviets predict that Mitterrand will be more interested in arms limitation negotiations than was his predecessor.

■ Maybe Bani-Sadr could hide out in Argentina.

■ "For too long," Senator McClure observed recently, "American foreign policy has been made by State Department bureaucrats instead of by responsible elected officials. That's why it is so important to select and approve State Department officials who share the beliefs and goals of the majority of Americans." McClure went on to praise none other than the Beast of the Foreign Relations Committee himself, Senator Jesse Helms, for his keen oversight of the nominating process. We add our blossom to McClure's bouquet (while reserving the right to criticize any missteps Senator Helms might make, even as we have criticized the few he has already made). And we wonder when the floral arrangements will be coming in from those who so extravagantly praised Senator Fulbright when he exercised an equivalent scrupulousness—though to be sure Fulbright only picked on good guys.

■ When's a Polish joke not a Polish joke? When an official Polish newspaper takes a public opinion poll and finds that the Communist Party ranks 14th in the esteem of the people of that fair country (right after the police, Number 13). Ranking first: the Catholic Church; second, Solidarity; third, the Army. When's a Polish joke a joke on the Russians? When Lech Walesa volunteers to lecture on the free trade union movement—to Russian factory workers.

■ A Polish poet dropped in at *NR*'s offices the other



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Some Call It Oratory

I give you Lowell Weicker,
A modern-day John Brown.
When speaking, he's no piker,
Though half his pals left town.
The Senate's sick of busing
But Mr. Weicker ain't,
So he'll just keep on fussing,
Convinced that he's a saint.

W. H. VON DREELE

day and told of coming across a huge, abandoned monastery in Poland a few months back. Every part of it—the monks' cells, the refectory, the granaries, the chapel, the kitchen, the workrooms, the stables, the outhouses—was crammed with paper: books by Lenin and Marx and Brezhnev, and lesser lights—socialist novels, party tracts, bound volumes of party newspapers and magazines, lying helter-skelter everywhere. An old man and a milk cow were the only living things around. The old man was the caretaker. Why were these books stored here? the poet asked. "Because no one will read them," said the old man. Why were they not then pulped and re-used? the poet asked. "Because," said the old man, "who will you find to sign the order? To put his name on such a piece of paper?" The poet turned to go, but the old man had one thing more to tell him. "From time to time," he said, "we have a small fire."

■ Business as Usual Department. The Washington law firm of Dickstein, Shapiro & Morin is not the largest in the nation's capital, but it does a brisk business in government-related matters, and we are charmed to receive the following announcement:

DICKSTEIN, SHAPIRO & MORIN
are pleased to announce that
HELEN R. KANOVSKY
Formerly Special Assistant to the Secretary,
Executive Assistant to the Under Secretary,
and Associate Executive Secretary
Department of Health and Human Services
and previously
Special Assistant to the Secretary
Department of Housing and Urban Development
has returned to the Firm.

NR wishes Helen R. Kanovsky good fortune in her new Washington role.

■ And they told us the *Shah's* regime was "inherently unstable."

■ Federal regulators have determined that car-train collisons could perhaps be averted if trains either were equipped with airplane landing lights or every country road or cowpath in the country intersecting a railroad were equipped with an underpass or an overpass, and for only a quarter-trillion dollars. Bets?

■ Just when you think China is ready to dip its toe into the twentieth century, there comes another blast from the regime to set you straight. The Party's latest complaint is about "decadent and vulgar" pop songs that "blindly imitate" tunes from Taiwan and Hong Kong. Wait'll they hear the Plasmatics.

■ An amusement park near Cincinnati has re-invented the roller coaster, with a contrivance called The Bat. All other roller coasters ride on rails. This one has all the old roller-coaster motions, but does it flying, that is, hanging from wires. The idea is to terrify riders by imitating the motions of filling out a Form 1040.

■ Bani-Sadr knew he was in trouble when the Ayatollah asked him for a hand.

The Reagan Coalition

In this Reagan summer of 1981, all the lines on the Republican political graph point upward. Not since pre-Depression days have things seemed so auspicious for the Republicans as a party. Eisenhower's landslides, Nixon in 1972—these did not have the structural significance of 1980. Reagan has won his budget cuts and appears to be moving irresistibly toward his tax cuts. It is important to notice that the liberals in Congress not only lack the votes, but do not have any alternative *ideas*. There is no liberal agenda in 1981.

The polls reflect this fair Reagan weather. They show a surge of optimism among Americans generally. The latest Gallup poll indicates that Republican identification is sharply up, greater than at any time since 1972—and this time without Crazy George around to scare the average citizen. For the first time in living memory, the polls show the Republicans leading nationally in the upcoming congressional elections. The world turned upside down. It feels like 1926. Reagan sails before the breeze.

But neither his election nor his current political momentum is entirely owing to economic issues. Correctly, he has focused on them. Without a sound economy, little else is possible—certainly not in defense, for example. But there are non-economic matters on the *conservative* agenda, which differs from the traditional Republican agenda. Reagan's "boll weevil" Democrats come from a different cultural and voting

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GUEST EDITORIAL

Is NATO an Initiative Whose Time Has Passed?

On crystal-clear August nights on Martha's Vineyard, we take blankets out in the meadow and lie down to count shooting stars. At the moment one has the distinct impression that a number of our European associates contemplate a similar posture in a U.S.-USSR confrontation over Europe. They will lie on the grass and say: "Ah, there goes an SS-18 bound for New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or Providence." A neighbor will remark: "That's a Minuteman II on its way to Leningrad, Moscow, or Kiev."

No one can blame the Germans, French, and other Western European nations for not wanting another war fought on their turf. But their current behavior is designed paradoxically to engender an American response that for years was the European nightmare: withdrawal of our strategic nuclear umbrella. To put it in stark terms, if the Dutch are not prepared to "trade" Rotterdam for Moscow in the event of war, why should we put New York on the block?

In short, many Americans who have never been considered isolationists are getting tired of being taken for granted. This carries over into the psychological sphere: the left-wing chorus let out a fearful bellow when Secretary of State Haig casually observed that the abortive coup in Spain was an "internal" Spanish matter. The comment lacked felicity and, I would argue, accuracy.

Yet can you imagine the howls of rage that would have emerged from the same chorus had Haig stated flatly, "The United States will not tolerate the reimposition of dictatorship in Spain"? This would be gross intervention in the internal affairs of a foreign state, the assumption once again by the United States of the role of "World Policeman," and the establishment of a "Haig Doctrine" to match Brezhnev's.

Thirty years ago we froze one set of political and economic assumptions in dry ice: Western Europe was weak, recovering from the devastation of World War II, and the Europeans were incapable of self-defense against Stalin's forces. It was thus in the American national interest to see a free, strong democratic community emerge from the ashes. Incidentally, we fixed the same premises in concrete with respect to Japan.

If we ask ourselves today whether these assumptions are still valid, the answer is patently no. The nations composing the European community have a larger combined gross national product than the Soviet Union. Their recovery, as we learn from the screams of outraged American firms demanding protection, has been spectacular. On a different axis, the German GNP is greater than that of the People's Republic of China.

Yet, like the Japanese, who refuse to devote more than 1 per cent of GNP to defense, our European allies have finked out on a commitment to bring their defense spending levels up 3 per cent. The British made a hard try, but the Danes and two or three small powers dropped the item from their agenda, and even the Germans came in pleading poverty.

Moreover, a number of them seemed terrified when we suggested they share the burden of defending the oil route from the Persian Gulf. "Those mad Americans seem to want to get NATO involved all over the map!" The recent fun and games in Tokyo over the transit of nuclear weapons echoed the same tortoise theme: if it gets noisy out there, pull into the shell.

Listening to this plea for moderation, you are likely to forget that the crude we are trying to get NATO to help protect is not American, and only 40 per cent of our imports come from the Gulf. It is Western Europe and Japan that would be closed down by any blocking of the Strait of Hormuz.

It was premature in 1953 for Secretary Dulles to call for "an agonizing reappraisal" of U.S.-NATO relations, but perhaps the time has come to unfreeze the premises of 1949 and take a fresh look at a policy that has over 200,000 American troops located at the wrong end of Germany, living in housing no West German army unit would tolerate, and having, despite dozens of plans for invading Normandy, no cogently defined current mission. Except to fight if the Russkies come.

The point is, of course, to make Moscow calculate that it would lose more by an invasion than it would gain, and this computation is made on an entirely different level of magnitude than troops, tanks, and planes. It is the tactical application of the "delicate balance of terror," the question of a theater balance of nuclear weapons. If the NATO nations will not agree to position Pershing II missiles and nuclear cruise missiles on their real estate, NATO will be a noble American initiative whose time has passed.

—JOHN P. ROCHE

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tradition from that of the traditional Republicans. So do many voters who voted Republican for the first time in 1980. Their specific concerns will have to be next on the agenda.

In a broad perspective, Reagan was elected to clean up the Augean stables of the Great Society and the 1960s. In his program cuts and tax cuts, he has addressed a large part of that problem. But the "social issues" exacerbated by the various "revolutions" of the 1960s possess enormous political power. They will be dealt with and debated on a case-by-case basis and, from a tactical perspective, it is vital that the Reagan Administration continue to hold its social-issue constituency within the 1980 coalition.

The range of social issues is various and complex. Some of them are easy. Racial busing is on the way out, one way or another, because no one wants it. The Great Society quota system, euphemistically known as affirmative action, will undoubtedly be greatly moderated. The abortion issue is now generating more political intensity than anyone would have predicted only yesterday. It will occasion one of the great political debates of the decade. Sentiment is rising in the nation against the excesses of the sexual and sex-related revolution of the 1960s, and the controversy here will involve things like pornography, sex education in the schools, sex-related services for teenagers, and the like. Tuition tax credits are coming on strong. These issues, as they are sorted out, will be both intellectually and politically exciting. Social-issue conservatives, by and large, have given Reagan what he wants on the economy. It will now be necessary for Jack Kemp, David Stockman, and their friends to pay intelligent regard to the social-issue concerns of this important part of the Reagan coalition.

Play It Again, Sam

Is it six or seven? We lost count a while back on how many times the China card had been played since Henry Kissinger's first stealthy venture to Peking back in the era of Nixon, Mao, and Chou. Like its precursors, Secretary of State Alexander Haig's recent visit was an occasion for edging a little closer to a former adversary now become the principal continental adversary of our principal intercontinental adversary. It was an occasion for ceremony and pronouncements concerning collaborations focused on common interests but short of the degree of harmony and contractual character that would justify calling each other allies. A cat was let out of a bag about an ongoing joint enterprise for monitoring Soviet activities from stations in western China, compensating for access lost to the U.S. by the alienation of Iran. Equally important: the U.S., abandoning a restriction, announced willingness to consider selling lethiferous military systems to Communist China. No carte blanche is involved: transactions will be on a case-by-case basis, affording more opportunities for playing China cards one by one into an indefinite future. A mission at least to discuss particulars, if not yet to buy, is expected in Washington in midsummer. Mainland China's financial situation of proud neediness—in a time when cruisers cost $750 million and a classy fighter plane $25 million—poses an obstacle to any really big deals right away.

Some Haig critics have professed to discern an error of timing in a gesture lacking immediate concrete benefits but likely to remove a disincentive to Soviet armed intervention in Poland. The thought and its antithesis are equally plausible. Anyway, a Soviet decision on Poland will likely hinge on calculations of necessity and consequences closer to the scene. The Nationalist regime more or less in limbo on Taiwan is reportedly unhappy but not inconsolable. Somewhere down the line it will be wanting FX planes as follow-ons to its present F-5s and, prosperous as it is, will have money to buy them. At that point, strains in the triangular relationship among the U.S. and two counterpoised Chinese regimes—an abeyant problem for now—will return to the forefront. That worry is for another day.

Here They Come Again

Mrs. Gandhi's other son
(Rajiv is his name)
Ran for parliament and won:
Now they're taking aim.
Mama wants a dynasty;
Sonny goes for cars.
Both deploy the thumb and knee
From their genie jars.

W. H. VON DREELE

Reaganomics: The Attack from Abroad

The United States has become so entangled in international agreements that subordinate its national interests that foreigners are now pressuring Washington to conduct its domestic economic policies in *their* interests. The Italian Foreign Minister recently stated that the U.S. Government must find a way to conduct an anti-inflationary policy without causing grave consequences for Europe. French Foreign Minister Cheysson has proposed that Europeans work toward a com-

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mon European position with which to confront the U.S. at the upcoming Ottawa Summit. Other European officials want U.S. interest rates to be subject to international consultation.

Part of the pressure from European allies against Reaganomics simply reflects an out-of-date view of monetary policy. Europeans believe that U.S. interest rates are high because authorities put them high in an effort to fight inflation with tight money. They do not understand that high interest rates are a consequence of loose money, which brought on the inflation and raised expectations of further inflation. Interest rates cannot fall unless inflation does. In an inflationary environment tight money means lower interest rates as inflation winds down.

Another part of the problem comes from the rise in the exchange value of the dollar, in effect ending our subsidy of Europe's OPEC bills. Since oil is priced in dollars, a declining dollar meant cheaper oil for Europe. The stronger dollar means that European governments must straighten out their own budgetary messes—a politically inconvenient thing to do.

And then there is the ideological resistance to Reaganomics. Why fight inflation with monetary policy when wage and price controls would do the job? some Europeans want to know. Indeed, why institute a tax cut? asks the London *Times*. With an anti-inflation fiscal policy (higher taxes), U.S. interest rates could fall. "This necessary course," says the *Times*, demands that President Reagan "postpone his promise to reduce taxes."

The international resistance to the restoration of capitalism in America is mounting. In its annual statement the Bank for International Settlements warned that Reagan's monetarist strategy aimed at reducing inflation is causing serious difficulties for other countries and could lead to a breakdown of international economic cooperation.

It won't be long now, said a Reaganaut, before the State Department is campaigning against tax cuts on the grounds that international relations are at stake.

Media Overkill

Once during CBS's vaunted five-part documentary on U.S. defense, Dan Rather, in a tone appropriate to citing a generally known fact, observed that the Pentagon had never been known to abandon any venture in technical elaboration. One project touched on in the documentary itself was an instance in rebuttal—the VTOL aircraft, twice canceled, only to be restored both times by Congress. A list of defense projects sidetracked even before reaching the engineering stage would run into hundreds. CBS, however, was out to make a case against the Reagan Administration's proposed defense increases. To that end it brought to bear an array of tried and untrue arguments—the mutual-assured-destruction theorem, for example; and musings, in Walter Cronkite's avuncular fashion, on whether contentions with the Soviet Union might not, after all, derive from misapprehensions.

The big play, however, was on the alleged futility of technological improvement of the military stance. Technological decadence is an *in* subject this year, and CBS did its utmost with the theme. Besides not being needed, the incremental money, if appropriated —such was the gist—would only be squandered on quixotic gadgetry of gigantic scale ultimately destined for the scrap heap. An interpolation of prodigious crash scenes—some of them recognized as dating from the 1960s—underlined the thought. Nothing was said of men walking on the moon or of the space shuttle. Much of the documentary was an exercise in—as H. L. Mencken said of George Bernard Shaw—portraying the obvious as the scandalous. The impact is elusive. Our acquaintances who saw the series through rated it from crummy to superb, according to their preconceptions. As for the proposition, once alluded to in the series, that the stuff of victory—an obsolete notion, anyway—consists of qualities that money can't buy, we agree in part only.

The idea is not a money-saver. Our mood is not that of the man who quit supporting his wife after learning that money cannot buy love. Technological competition in the strategic realm remains both necessary and costly. But the matter must be seen in proportion. Procurement accounts for approximately a third of the defense budget, and only a fourth of that fraction goes to research and development.

Saying the Unthinkable

Traditionally reclusive Japan's experiment with military expansionism ended 36 years ago in catastrophic defeat climaxed by the atom-bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Thenceforth Japan has renounced all concern in martial matters beyond minimal defense of its coasts, and the Japanese in general have avowed emphatic distaste for nuclear weaponry in particular.

The rub is that for the United States, on which Japan relies for strategic security, nuclear power is an essential element in maintaining strategic balance vis-à-vis the Soviet Union, Japan's as well as the United States' strategic adversary. Soviet ships with nuclear armament can traverse environing waters without question. U.S. ships on the other hand—well, that aspect of the matter starts getting complex.

The U.S.-Japanese mutual defense treaty of 1960, under which U.S. naval vessels put in at Japanese ports for necessary visits, is mum on this point, but an accompanying exchange of notes pledges the U.S. not to make any radical changes in its pertinent military posture without consulting Japan. At the time of the addition of nuclear components to U.S. naval re-

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Here it is - The Buckley Roast!

(The hard-to-find tape recording that has become a big conservative hit!)

Get it FREE!

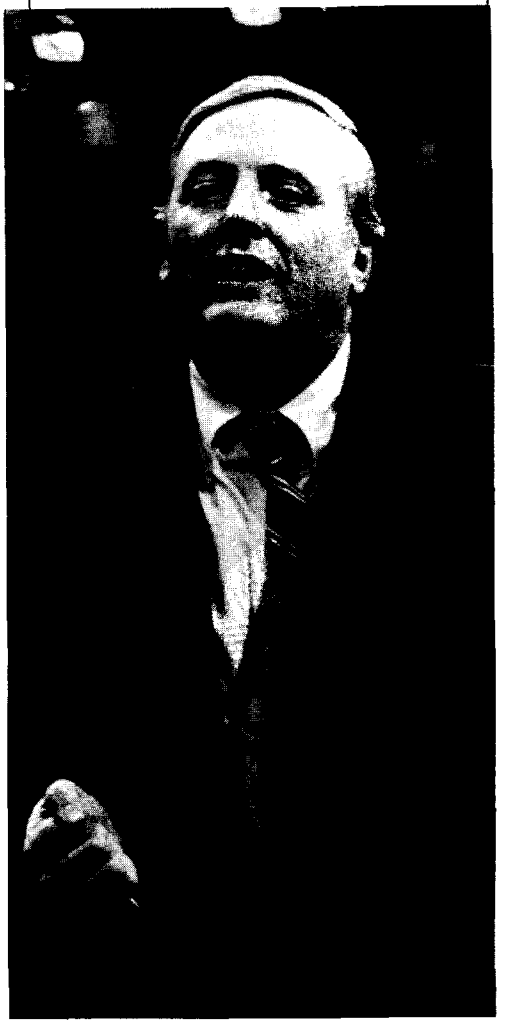
Yes, now you can get your own copy of the sensational tape that makes conservatives (and selected liberals) howl with laughter. When, some time back, Young Americans for Freedom decided to give Bill Buckley a "celebrity roast," the results were surprising indeed. This tape is a faithful reproduction of the hilarious highlights of that most unusual occasion.

William Rusher, David Keene and Stan Evans were among the well-known conservatives who showered Buckley with a barrage of outrageous barbs that brought loud guffaws from the large and lively crowd. Mike Wallace (of "60 Minutes" fame) and Allard Lowenstein were also there and chipped in with their best shots, giving you a good idea of the cumulative effect Buckley has had on liberals through the years (yet it all adds up to a kind of wry tribute). And Henry Kissinger in person completed the basting with some acidly "diplomatic" digs. Buckley's reply to all this is masterful—he ends up roasting the roasters—and you have to hear it to believe it.

Tapes of the Buckley Roast have never been easy to come by, but now, for as long as they last, we are making our supply available with a special renewal offer that is hard to best. You get this high-quality tape (comes in a standard 90-minute cassette) absolutely FREE and postpaid simply by renewing your subscription to *National Review* for another year *regardless of when it expires*. That way you'll be guaranteed no interruption in service, and you'll also be the happy owner of a recording that you'll play over and over again yourself (and will certainly want your friends to hear!).

So get your copy of this marvelous tape right now. It's first-come, first-served, while our supply lasts. The Buckley Roast carries a price tag of $9.95, and you'd probably pay that much gladly if you could find it in a store (which you *can't*). However, if you fill out and return the handy card opposite this page today you *can* get it FREE and postpaid. That's right: we'll rush the Buckley Roast tape to you and immediately extend your subscription for another full year (26 issues). The price for the subscription is just $24 (very good value at today's price levels) and the tape is FREE. Don't miss the fun you'll get out of this collector's item! Return the card today.

P.S.: *If you are not already a subscriber to NR you can still use the handy card opposite to* enter *your own subscription (same terms) and receive the Buckley Roast cassette.*



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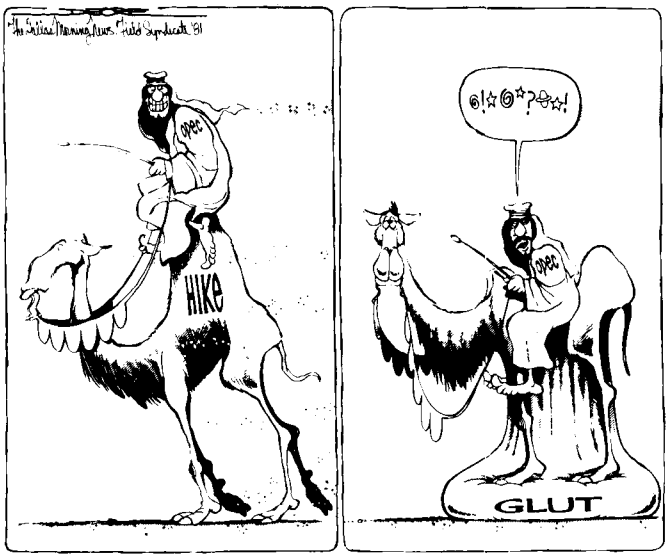
sources in the Far East, Japan's Foreign Minister was informed orally. Both sides preferred not to have the matter documented. Whether by design or happenstance, memory in such matters is fallible. Practice and understanding have become divergent. That nuclear power near at hand is a component of Japanese security is something that Japanese know but would rather not think—let alone talk—about.

Two previous disclosures—one by former Ambassador Edwin O. Reischauer in a book—were generally ignored. So Reischauer last month tried again—this time for the media and at a sensitive juncture. Thereupon all hell went through the forms of breaking loose in Japan's public life. Japan's Foreign Minister in parliament called Reischauer "the worst-mannered person" he had ever heard of—"an uncalled-for meddler who pokes his nose into matters that are absolutely none of his business."

All the Fiction That's Fit to Print

Two more reporters, one of them a Pulitzer Prize winner, have come under attack since the exposure of Janet Cooke's "Jimmy's World" hoax, and the air is dark with the shadows of roosting chickens.

Michael Daly, prize-winning columnist for the *New York Daily News*, wrote a report from Belfast which followed a British fusilier, Christopher Spell, on a military patrol. Daly described the shooting of a 15-year-old Irish boy, and quoted a soldier in Spell's patrol as hoping "the little Fenian will die." The London *Daily Mail* challenged the story, whereupon it turned out that Daly had bungled or confected many of his details: "Spell" was a pseudonym; the wounded boy was 18, not 15; Daly had never been on the patrol; the British Army claimed that Daly had never interviewed anyone in the unit. The *News* yanked Daly from Belfast, and accepted his resignation.



Teresa Carpenter's "From Heroism to Madness: The Odyssey of the Man Who Shot Al Lowenstein" (published in the *Village Voice*) was runner-up to "Jimmy's World" in the feature category of the Pulitzer competition, and got the prize when Cooke was caught. Friends of Lowenstein, notably James Wechsler, let fire at the piece, accusing Carpenter of baseless sexual innuendos, citing sentences such as these: "Now from his cell at Riker's Island, Sweeney denies that they ever had a relationship. Once . . . according to Sweeney, Lowenstein made a pass and Sweeney rebuffed it. [*The source is named—Sweeney is Lowenstein's murderer—and one could conceivably check the quotation. But Sweeney has been formally found insane, and, while his delusions are relevant, no contrary view of Lowenstein is offered, or seems to have been sought.*] There was an undeniable tension between Lowenstein and the young men in his following. [*Not undeniable; Wechsler denied it.*] 'I know that many of us, most of us had passes made at us from Al,' says a friend of both Sweeney and Lowenstein from the Stanford period. Often they weren't overt or verbal proposals 'but clearly testing . . . to be offered an overnight room and to discover that there was one bed.' [*"Many"? "Most"? Did the "friend" take a poll? If the passes "often" were not verbal, were they sometimes, in which case are there any quotations?*] Sweeney, looking back from the vantage point of his new radical sophistication, probably felt a little used, a little embarrassed by the memory of his own unabashed adoration. [*"Probably" indeed. Is this the pure speculation it seems to be, or did Sweeney tell anyone? Henry James, call your office.*]"

James Wechsler and Lowenstein's brother, Larry, asked the National News Council, a private news watchdog group, to examine the tales of Sweeney. The Council found Carpenter's piece to have been "marred by the overuse of unattributed sources . . . and by such reckless and speculative construction as to result in profound unfairness" to Lowenstein.

Clearly, there is a confusion of genres here from which all newsmen, not just Daly and Carpenter, have been suffering for some time now. The New Journalism—which was never really journalism at all, but an unruly region in the Klondikes of literature—weekly annexes new tracts of both reporting and fiction. The reporter, stumped for motives, supplies them; the novelist, barren of invention, conscripts real people known to the encyclopedias or to the IRS. This is not to deny that such exercises can be brilliant. Norman Mailer's *The Executioner's Song*, based on the life of Gary Gilmore, won, and deserved, a Pulitzer Prize last year. But at least the Committee considered it under the

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category of fiction. Even columnists and feature writers have an obligation to try to get the record straight. When the Belfast story first broke, Daly defended his column by saying it was no different from "three hundred [other] columns over two years. The question of reconstruction and using a pseudonym—I've done a lot of it. No one has ever said anything." It's time they began doing so.

IRA v. HRH

It was not quite the usual evening at the ballet, when Prince Charles came to town for the Royal's gala. The scene at intermission was classic Hollywood stuff: in the opera house, swirls of people in their most gorgeous plumage strolling out onto the balcony, champagne in hand; while police sharpshooters with rifles slung over their shoulders keep watch on nearby rooftops; panning out and down, across the plaza a row of mounted police stand motionless, and beyond them the waving flags and banners. The shouting of the mark of the Royal and an obvious choice for a season during which there will be a real-life royal wedding—but it had unexpected resonance. It is, after all, the story of a princess upon whom revenge is taken for an injury that was real, but that was not at all the fault of the princess herself, nor even principally the fault of her kin. (While England's kings have scarcely been blameless in the matter of Ireland, the most permanent damage was done by Cromwell.) But the princess in due course triumphs; and the audience goes its separate ways, to the tents for dinner and dancing, or out through the still-mobilized crowd, some of whose more inventive members call out: "The British are coming! The British are coming!" and stay shouting into the night. L. BRIDGES

Notes & Asides

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OUR FIRST CONSTITUTION

The Articles of Confederation

THOMAS WENDEL

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category of fiction. Even columnists and feature writers have an obligation to try to get the record straight. When the Belfast story first broke, Daly defended his column by saying it was no different from "three hundred [other] columns over two years. The question of reconstruction and using a pseudonym—I've done a lot of it. No one has ever said anything." It's time they began doing so.

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Flashback to the first act. Just before the lights go down, Prince Charles and his hostess, Nancy Reagan, file into their box, and most of the audience stands (some even sing along) as the orchestra plays first "God Save the Queen," then "The Star-Spangled Banner." The audience sits down, the performance begins; and ten minutes later, from the back of the house, a young man starts to shout, "There is sitting up there a violent man . . ." He is quickly hustled out, but is followed at ten-minute intervals by slightly less audible compatriots.

For once, though, the Irish—masters of symbolism—seemed to have miscalculated. Partly it was the reactions, or lack of them. The orchestra and the dancers didn't miss a beat, and Prince Charles kept up the colors by not disappearing somewhere during the second and third acts. But partly it was the incongruity. If the person they were shouting at had been the Prime Minister, or the Secretary for Northern Ireland, or anybody who could change Britain's policy; or if he were not so amiable, indeed slightly Wodehousian; if he were more like Henry VIII, or James I, or even his own great-great-great-grandmother, whose callous unthinkingness during the Potato Famine is still remembered unfondly in Ireland. But as it is, a serious political point descended into mere disorder and rudeness.

The ballet, by the way, was *Sleeping Beauty*. The choice was not fortuitous—the ballet is both a hallmark of the Royal and an obvious choice for a season during which there will be a real-life royal wedding—but it had unexpected resonance. It is, after all, the story of a princess upon whom revenge is taken for an injury that was real, but that was not at all the fault of the princess herself, nor even principally the fault of her kin. (While England's kings have scarcely been blameless in the matter of Ireland, the most permanent damage was done by Cromwell.) But the princess in due course triumphs; and the audience goes its separate ways, to the tents for dinner and dancing, or out through the still-mobilized crowd, some of whose more inventive members call out: "The British are coming! The British are coming!" and stay shouting into the night. L. BRIDGES

Notes & Asides

■ March 9, 1981

Mr. Osborn Elliott
Graduate School of Journalism
Columbia University
New York, N.Y. 10027

Dear Mr. Elliott

It is my greatest pleasure to inform you that I was asked by JiJi Press in Tokyo to translate your fascinating book *The World of Oz* into Japanese. Currently I'm on the staff of weekly magazine *Shukan Shincho*, to which Mr. Krisher of ex-*Newsweek* is now serving as an advisory editorial staff. But, as a matter of fact, the translation now I'm working on is so-called moonlighting, therefore has nothing to do with my company.

I should be very grateful of you if you could help me to grasp the clear-cut images of the words which the Wizard of Journalism so masterly uses.

Best regards,
Takashi Takebayashi
Shukan Shincho Weekly magazine

March 18, 1981

Dear Mr. Takebayashi:

I was delighted to hear that you have been engaged to translate *The World of Oz* into Japanese. I stand ready to help in any way I can, as your work progresses. Written in the vernacular, as it is, I'm sure the book is full of idioms that may give you trouble. So please feel free to write me when you need help. While I won't be able to translate, I may be able to suggest

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another figure of speech here and there to make your work easier.

Sincerely,
Osborn Elliott

March 30, 1981

Dear Mr. Elliott

I was greatly encouraged by your thoughtful letter. It really is a privilege for me that I could receive a leçon particulière from you. I'll do my best job.

Shall we start the lesson, Monsieur maître? In the Preface, I stumbled over some expressions and the names of persons. Would you explain the following?

Page x, line 9 . . .

"I was nattered at by Nasser"—Does this mean that you had a chat with, or were complained about something by, Nasser?

line 22-23 . . .

"William F. Buckley Jr., the journalist-everything. . . ." What does this *everything* stand for? What kind of person is he?

line 29 . . .

"The Rosenthal-for-President Club"—President of what? President of the *New York Times*?

line 30 . . .

"Buckley-for-Columnist Club"—Is he so versatile that he could not stick to one job?

Page xi, line 6 . . .

". . . and fixed me with the famous stare that stoppeth one in three"—What kind of stare has he? Why did you use the archaism STOPPETH? Allusion from the Bible or something?

That's all for today. Ah, how I hate Mr. Buckley, but he must have a tremendous magnetism, I'm sure.

Sincerely,
Takashi Takebayashi

May 5, 1981

Dear Mr. Takebayashi:

Well, I'm not surprised that you are having some trouble with my colloquial prose. I predicted as much! I hope the following helps:

Page x, line 9 . . .

"Nattered at by Nasser": This was, in part, an effort at alliteration, for literary effect; note that the verbs in this passage are chosen to sound like the proper names—as in "irritated by Indira," "nattered at by Nasser," "charmed by Giscard" (this last one didn't quite work). In recent years the prime user of the verb, to natter, was the late, unlamented Vice President of the United States, Spiro Agnew, who once referred to the press as a bunch of "nattering nabobs of negativism"—note the alliteration there, with all those "n's"! My dictionary tells me that to natter means to complain, or to grumble. In fact, Nasser complained to m about some *Newsweek* story that he thought was ir accurate and/or unfair.

lines 22-23 . . .

William F. Buckley Jr., "The journalist-everything' again, this should be taken in the context of the rest c the group mentioned, all of whom are identified a one type of journalist or another. Buckley is such jack-of-all-trades—editor, columnist, author, televisio personality—that I found him difficult to characteriz other than as a generalist among journalists—hence "journalist-everything."

line 29 . . .

Rosenthal-for-President Club—a joke, within our lit tle group. President of the United States is what w mean, although we really don't mean it.

line 30 . . .

Buckley-for-Columnist Club—another joke. Buckle already *is* a columnist, and that's what makes this fun ny (or so some of us think). It's like starting a move ment in Japan to make Hirohito emperor, I guess.

Page xi, line 6 . . .

"the famous stare that stoppeth one in three" . . . Thi is another little touch of irony, a quote from Cole ridge's "The Ancient Mariner." It seemed apropos since Buckley does have an arresting stare and is him self a sailor of some note, having more than once crossed large oceans in tiny boats, and having lived t write about it.

As for your hated Mr. Buckley, he does indeed have a tremendous magnetism, as you correctly perceive If Buckley ever sails across the Pacific, I shall make sure that he fixes you with his beady eye; he will charm the pants off you, which is another idiom, for another time.

Sincerely,
Osborn Elliott

June 4, 1981

Dear Mr. Takebayashi:

Mr. Osborn Elliott has shared with me your perplexities. He correctly describes my versatility, but once again, in his reference to my magnetism, he resorts to his famous colloquialisms. You see, my magnetism is a renowned *physical* phenomenon. I was at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, and it was that magnetism which disoriented so many of your pilots' compasses, causing them to empty their bomb loads on worthless targets resulting in the salvaging of a sufficient segment of the American fleet to secure our subsequent victory. No wonder you find me hateful! You should talk to some of those pilots! Cordially,

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

—WFB

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The Current WISDOM

What The Left Hand's Doing

NEAL B. FREEMAN

"It does not do to leave a live dragon out of your calculations, if you live near him." —*J. R. R. Tolkien*

THE QUIPPER likes to say that "our right hand doesn't always know what our far-right hand is doing." It is the kind of gentle, self-deprecating line that endears him not only to the general citizenry but to the knights of the keyboard here in medialand. The soothing one-liner is not, however, a statement of procedural fact, for it becomes more apparent with each legislative maneuver that the Administration's right hand knows exactly what its far-right hand is doing. The relationship between the Regans and the Stockmans, the Lewises and the Watts, has become almost symbiotic, a polished good cop/bad cop routine. What is not so apparent—indeed what has escaped even the most cursory attention—is what the Administration's left hand has been doing.

So Far So Good

Over the past six months, the Administration has managed to concentrate the public mind simultaneously on the issues of inflation and economic growth. To attack inflation it has called upon traditional Republican resources (its right hand, so to speak) to cut back on federal spending. To promote economic growth, it has prescribed a regimen of supply-side (or far-right) tax cuts. Cleverly, the Administration has held the two issues, and the two prescriptions, in rough equipoise, planting the axiom with both constituencies that inflation and growth are but two facets of the same economic gemstone. Each constituency thus develops a vested interest in the progress of the other. So far so good. In fact, the progress has been so heartening up to now that the Administration's left hand begins to stir *on the assumption* of serious budget cuts.

Consider the bills that the Administration has been running up at the political supermarket:

1. *Tuition tax credits.* With Pat Moynihan running interference on the Hill, the President will be obliged to protect his freshly won political base among Catholic urbanites and evangelical suburbanites. He may not push for tuition credits, but he has to support them.

2. *Accelerated depreciation.* Big business feels that it holds a campaign IOU from the Administration to push for 10-5-3, as well as for enlarged investment credits.

3. *Automobile imports.* Call it voluntary or call it Rumpelstiltskin, the agreement to restrict sales of Japanese autos in the domestic market amounts to protectionism, which sooner or later amounts to inflation. But the good folks of Michigan who gave Ronald Reagan their electoral votes last November thought they heard him promise relief on imports and they will get it.

4. *Gift- and estate-tax reductions.* The Administration will find it difficult, probably impossible, to leave two of their coalitional partners—small businessmen and farmers—unrewarded. Of all the issues engaging these constituencies, none is so *sensitive* as the issue of inheritance taxes.

5. *Re-regulation.* The Administration owes *something* to the Teamsters for their timely and influential support last fall. The union has presented a very heavy bill and the settlement may be onerous. And nasty.

6. *Energy tax relief.* As Treasury Secretary Regan has pointed out in his candid way, the states of Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Texas have a lot of votes. What he never has to add is that they are votes that the Reagan coalition cannot do without.

7. *Social Security.* Two political facts have emerged from the dust-up over retirement benefits. First, that the system does not have the money it needs; and second, that the Administration is not about to cut near-term benefits for retirees. These two facts conspire to produce, inevitably if not specifiably, inflationary pressure.

8. *Rearmament.* The Administration is committed to an arms buildup that can only be described as massive. Granted, some of the congressional projections are purely propagandistic, and some of the media extrapolations therefrom are extragalactic. But even the Administration numbers are enormous and subject to cost-inflation.

9. *Multi-year cuts in marginal tax rates for individuals.* Some form of general income-tax relief seems well on the way to passage. That result is devoutly to be wished—and has been, perhaps redundantly, in this very space. But not even the most chiliastic supply-sider would contend that the consequent incentives will kick in universally and instantaneously, reversing overnight the economic reflexes of a generation. A transitional period of indeterminate length might generate short-term inflationary thrust.

100 Per Cent or Bust

Add it all up and the morning-after political bill from the election party reaches into the billions. How many billions? That depends on how you wish to count, or, more precisely, on whom you choose to do the counting. (When it comes to data processing, one man's Mede is another man's Persian.) What seems beyond statistical interpretation is the fact that the Administration is taking a survive-or-perish risk by committing itself to one-hundred-cents-on-the-dollar payment of its political debts before the battle of the budget has been conclusively won.

It may well be that only a conservative, only a reassuring conservative, perhaps only *this* reassuring conservative, could take such drastic action with the nation's finances. Ilie Nastase, the Rumanian star, once said of rival Bjorn Borg: "We're all playing tennis. He's playing something else." That's roughly how the President's congressional rivals feel. □

(Mr. Freeman will be on vacation in July. We've asked "Winston" to fill in for him.)

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OUR FIRST CONSTITUTION

The Articles of Confederation

THOMAS WENDEL

MARCH 1, 1981 marked the two-hundredth anniversary of the first constitution of the United States, the Articles of Confederation. The Articles represented the first institutionalization of that unique American contribution to political science: federalism. From 1781 to 1789, the Articles were the fundamental law of the land. They were superseded in the latter year by the new Constitution, which shifted the balance of power from states to nation.

The Articles of Confederation, short-lived as they were, constitute a principal testament of the American Revolution. For the first time in American history, the states, however reluctantly, came together in a federal union. Such a confederation had been contemplated as early as 1697 in William Penn's proposed union of the colonies. In the prerevolutionary years, several plans were put forward. Of these, Benjamin Franklin's was the most fully elaborated.

Franklin, who may be considered the father of American confederation, formulated his Albany Plan of Union in 1754. The Plan was no mere temporary expedient for facing down the French and the Indians. Rather, it proposed a national legislature, the "Grand Council," empowered (with the concurrence of a Crown-appointed "President General") to declare war and make peace, to control the western lands, including the Indian trade and the creation of new colonies, to raise a military force ("but they shall not impress men in any colony without the consent of its legislature"), and to levy taxes on the several colonies.

Franklin's essay in federalism proved premature. "Its fate was singular," Franklin wrote. "The assemblies did not adopt it as they all thought there was too much *Prerogative* in it; and in England it was judg'd to have too much of the *Democratic*. . . . Everybody cries a union is absolutely necessary," Franklin complained, "but when they come to the manner and form of the union, their weak noddles are presently distracted."

Two decades later, Franklin's protégé, Joseph Galloway of Pennsylvania, submitted to the First Continental Congress a plan of union based on his old mentor's Albany Plan. Galloway failed in his purpose, however, for his interest lay more in saving the Empire than in uniting the colonies. The Congress did not so much as enter Galloway's plan in its minutes. Franklin, in England as agent of several colonies, received his old friend's plan with misgivings: he "apprehended more mischief than benefit from a closer union. . . . It seems like Mezentius's coupling and binding together the dead and the living."

Returning to America shortly after Lexington and Concord, Franklin immediately took his place in the Second Continental Congress. There, he startled his fellow delegates by producing a constitution for the colonies. Again Franklin's plan was premature; it would be a year before the Congress would declare independence, let alone consider the form of confederation.

★‖ *Even Room for Ireland*

But again Franklin proved prescient. In the words of Edmund Cody Burnett, author of the definitive study of the confederation congress, Franklin's plan "made important contributions to the Articles of Confederation as finally adopted, which, in turn, furnished a great part of the substance that went to make up the Constitution of the United States." Franklin's *Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union* provided for a national legislature based on population. Its members would vote as individuals and not by state. As in the Albany Plan, the central government would have authority over the west and the creation of new states. Franklin, finally, would have not only Canada, Bermuda, and the West Indies join the federal union, but Ireland as well!

The Congress gave Franklin's plan the same treatment it had given Galloway's: it ignored it. With the coming of

Mr. Wendel, a professor of history at San Jose State University and a previous contributor to NR, *has written widely on American history. His most recent publication is "Benjamin Franklin: Educator," a chapter in the newly revised edition of* Meet Dr. Franklin, *published by Franklin Institute Press.*

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independence, however, the Congress felt it must act. Fourteen months after "the shot heard round the world," having belatedly affirmed the Great Declaration, the Congress appointed a committee chaired by John Dickinson to draft a proposal for confederation.

Dickinson's draft, based on Franklin's *Articles*, etched a federation in which preponderant power was granted the national government. Long, arduous debate followed. It was not until November 1777 that the Congress sent the states articles of confederation for their ratification. The Dickinson-Franklin draft had undergone a metamorphosis. Now power had shifted to the states, including a new provision first introduced by North Carolina's Thomas Burke:

> *Article 2.* Each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right, which is not by this confederation expressly delegated to the United States, in Congress assembled.

The newly modeled Congress, moreover, was given no real means of support. It could make requisitions on the states, which might or might not comply, and it was denied the power to tax and to regulate trade.

The Congress, however, as in Franklin's previous plans, had sovereignty over the west. But what west? Surely not Virginia's west, nor Connecticut's, nor that of any other state with trans-Appalachian claims. Such claims rested on seventeenth century royal charters; in the case of Virginia, for example, these granted her much of this nation's present Midwest, and much of Canada.

The struggle for ratification of the Articles of Confederation lasted an unseemly three years, while the War of Independence also dragged on. One by one the "landed" states ceded their western claims (Connecticut managing to salvage her "western reserve"); Virginia, however, clung tenaciously to her ancient charter rights. Of the "landless states," Delaware, New Jersey, and Maryland were the holdouts. The first two ratified in late 1778 and 1779, but Maryland adhered to the salutary principle that the west should become the common heritage of all. It was a classic case of self-interest working toward the common good: Maryland's land speculators hoped to receive from the national government the recognition of their trans-Appalachian claims denied by Virginia.

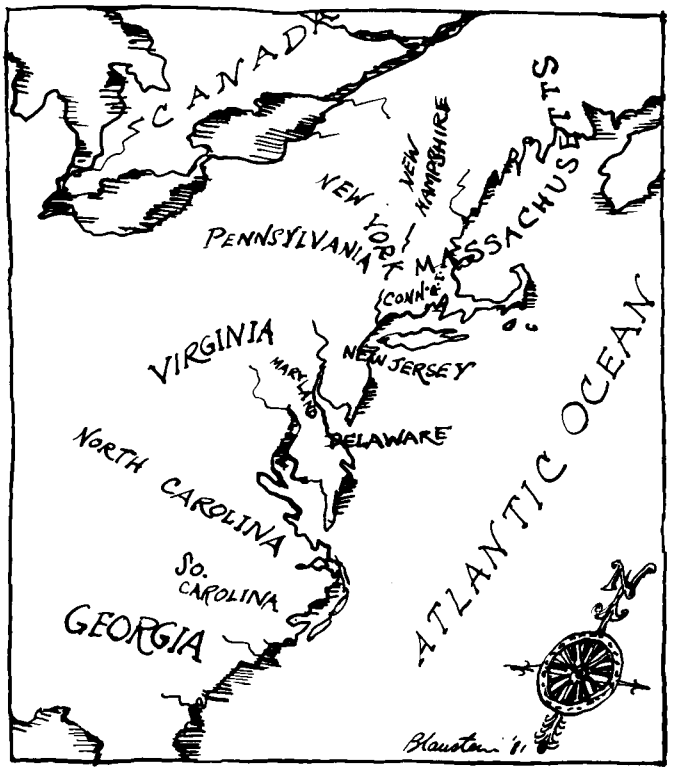
Events finally caught up with stubborn Virginia and recalcitrant Maryland. In early 1781, Benedict Arnold, fresh from his West Point treason, brought the war to Richmond itself, while Lord Cornwallis threatened invasion from the south. Virginia kindly ceded her western claims to the central government, though on condition that individual Virginians' claims be honored. Though Virginia's conditional cession meant the nullification of Maryland's western claims, she could hardly now do other than ratify. Besides, the French Minister had made it clear that French naval operations in the Chesapeake would be quite impossible were Maryland to remain obdurate. Therefore, four weeks after the Virginia cession, Maryland's legislature instructed its congressional delegates for ratification. To the sound of fireworks, the ringing of bells, a 13-gun salute by land artillery, and a like volley from John Paul Jones's frigate *Ariel* then in the harbor, the marriage of the states was consummated in Philadelphia, March 1, 1781.

The newly ratified national government lacked both executive and judicial branches, and its legislature was subordinate to the will of the states. Nevertheless, under the Articles, the United States not only won its independence but also, through astute diplomacy, gained an incredibly generous territorial cession from England. It is not too much to say that the vast bounds won in the Treaty of Paris of 1783 guaranteed that the United States had a future.

The confederation congress also achieved an equitable western policy, something that had spectacularly eluded the mother country. The justly famous Northwest Ordinance of 1787 provided a rational mechanism by which new states could enter the union on a footing of equality with the old. Farsightedly, the Ordinance also prohibited slavery and provided for public education in the Old Northwest, the territory north of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi.

These achievements and more occurred during a period of prolonged postwar depression. An upturn in the economy such as fortuitously happened *after* 1789 (the Constitution, it is said, was floated on a rising tide of prosperity), coupled with amendments by which the Congress could tax and regulate trade, might have given the Articles a greater longevity than they were destined to have.

But in spite of the very real achievements of the confederation congress, increasingly strident voices demanded revision of the Articles to strengthen the central government. The cry was more general than has been usually recognized. Hamilton may have been the loudest, but he was supported by a full-throated chorus. There were urban artisans eager to inhibit British imports, frontiersmen north and south who sought national protection from the Indians, and citizens of small states who wished to curb the unrestricted commercial powers of stronger neighbors—New Jersey, for example, wedged between New York and Pennsylvania, has



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been compared to "a bottle tapped at both ends." There were creditors in inflation-scarred "Rogue Island," seamen who sought strengthened naval protection, Southerners who foresaw powerful sway in a strengthened legislature apportioned according to population (Virginia was by far the largest state), and our Ministers abroad embarrassed by the lack of a truly national government. Finally, there were the "consolidationists," men like Robert Morris, George Washington, John Jay, and above all Alexander Hamilton—men who envisioned a great consolidated republic comparable in its financial and military institutions to the states of the Old World.

★ Providing a Foundation

That they were ultimately successful ought not, however, to denigrate the Articles of Confederation which they replaced with the Constitution of 1787. Victors do indeed write the histories: our textbooks continue to treat our first constitution under the rubric, "weaknesses of the Articles." The national government (though not necessarily the nation) *was* comparatively weak under the Articles. Even so, they provided the foundation upon which the new government was erected.

And that foundation was federalism: the doctrine of divided sovereignty. Much of the language of the Articles was absorbed into the Constitution. Both documents guarantee the citizens of any one state the privileges and immunities of the several states; both provide for extradition; both read that "full faith and credit shall be given in each of these states to the records, acts, and judicial proceedings" of every state; both guarantee congressional immunity. As for the new Congress, the "surprising thing," historian Max Farrand points out, "especially to one accustomed to condemn the Articles of Confederation, is to see how large a part of the powers vested in Congress were taken from the Articles of Confederation." With the qualification that new powers were added to energize the system, Farrand states that "it is not too much to say that the Articles of Confederation were at the basis of the new Constitution." Further comparisons (see box, below) bear out Farrand's statement.

Our present Constitution, then, was not newly sprung from the collective mind of an "assembly of demigods," as Jefferson described the members of the Constitutional Convention. Rather, it is firmly grounded on the Articles and is a thoroughly *federal* document, just as the Federalists claimed it was. It provided for something more than a "league of friendship," the wording of the third of the Articles of Confederation. But the new Constitution accomplished precisely what the Founders had wanted Parliament to do before the Revolution: define and limit central power, and allow autonomy in internal affairs to the separate states.

The federal balance of power since its re-creation in 1787 has fluctuated between state and nation. Jeffersonians replaced Hamiltonians in 1800; Jackson preached states' rights following a period of renewed centralization; Lincoln, Wilson, and the two Roosevelts all strengthened the national government at the expense of the states. "The Constitution," said John Adams, "is a game of leapfrog," now more national, now more federal, depending upon who gets elected.

It seems particularly fitting that the Reagan Administration takes office in this two-hundredth anniversary year of the Articles of Confederation. The new Administration clearly aims to reverse the trend of centralization and, in the spirit of the Articles, to resuscitate the philosophy of the Great Declaration. That document expressed the doctrine of self-government, of which the Articles of Confederation was the constitutional embodiment. John Adams's game may yet be won by our modern federalists. At least it's worth leaping for. □

★★★

NATIONAL DEFENSE DEBATE

Toward Honor or Efficiency

JAMES BOND STOCKDALE

TWENTY YEARS AGO last fall I was a U.S. Navy lieutenant commander, a fighter pilot just off carrier duty, when I started the most important years of study of my life here at Stanford and the Hoover Institution. In a rather loosely administered two-year post-graduate program I was simply given a blank check by the American Government, the only requirement being that I get a Master's degree and take whatever courses I thought appropriate for a naval officer in the time remaining. For me, that came to about 125 quarter hours, mostly in the humanities. Our government never spent any money more fortuitously, and fortunately. Within three years of leaving Stanford, I had been shot down over North Vietnam, imprisoned in an old French dungeon in Hanoi, and was becoming the head-of-government of a covertly organized colony of American prisoners of war—a colony destined to remain autonomous for nearly eight years.

Mark Van Doren of Columbia University used to tell his students that, before proclaiming a man educated, one should ask this question about him: Could he re-found his civilization? The re-founding of a civilization became my lot, and this Naval Academy engineer thanked God for those 24 months of history, politics, and philosophy, at Stanford and Hoover, under the tutelage of teachers like Jack Bunzel, Peter Duignan, Steve Jurika, and Phil Rhinelander.

Perhaps I should explain how desperately we needed to re-found our own civilization in those prisons of North Vietnam. The Communist regime put each of us in solitary confinement in an attempt to sever our ties with one another and with our cultural heritage. This hits hard after a few months, particularly a few months of intermittent torture and extortion. In fits of depression a man starts seeing the bottom of the barrel and realizes that, unless he gets some structure, some ritual, some poetry into his life, he is going to become an animal. In these conditions clandestine encrypted tap-and-flash codes get improvised and start linking lives and dreams together. Then comes the need for common practice in united resistance, and, in due course, if things are working right, codified law commences to emanate from the senior prisoner's cell. The communication network strengthens the bonds of comradeship as over the months and years a body politic of common customs, common loyalties, common values takes shape.

Isolation seems to have some sort of a purifying effect on the soul; as time wears on, ever more highminded discourse flows from hard-worked memories which dredge up recollections of the best from the educational backgrounds of their owners. Compassion fairly seeps through the walls as the familiar tapping style and mindset of the never-seen neighbor next door become a substitute for family. Morale is tied to the box-score of the continuous battle of wits and determination waged against the prison administration. The prisoners' underground, under the positive control of their senior, alternately plays for time, riots, and drives the interrogators up the wall.

Where else could a man better prepare himself for leadership in such a life than at the Hoover Institution? After lectures by Aleksandr Kerensky and courses with Bob North on comparative Marxist thought, I felt ten feet tall, even when forced to kneel before that irate political cadre. I could look him in the eye and quietly tell him: "Lenin didn't say that. You're a deviationist." (That was usually a quick and blessed ticket back to my cell.)

As I left Newport, R.I. to come back here to talk to you about national defense, my War College friends advised me: "For God's sake, don't go out there and regurgitate a lot of data that every congressional staffer knows. Tell them what you really think victory or defeat, the success or failure of arms, ultimately depends on."

I believe all I read in the better journals: All our military matériel indicators are down. The United States is Number Two in the world in conventional forces for sure, and in nuclear forces very likely. The Department of Defense's so-called "solutions" to such inferiorities over the last few years have more often than not been buried both in high-risk technology and in the "out-years" of the budget. Neither high-risk nor out-years bode well for our national arsenal, and everybody knows it.

Dwindling forces and false official optimism bring up that most important aspect of our current dilemma: public confidence in our defense establishment is eroding. Opinion-makers have been concluding that military and civilian planners lack heart in what they're doing. They have been saying that every link in the defense chain—Congress, Pentagon, White House, civilian contractors—seems to be faking

Until his recent retirement, Vice Admiral Stockdale was the most highly decorated officer in the Navy, having been awarded 25 personal combat decorations, including the Congressional Medal of Honor. From 1965 to 1973 he was the senior naval service prisoner of war in Hanoi. He is now a senior research fellow at Stanford University. This article is adapted from a speech he delivered at the Hoover Institution Dinner for Congressional Staffers.

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it. The fancy scenarios to which we are treated are seen all too frequently to wind up as just plain smoke.

I bring up the public perceptions of faking it, of smoke, of lack of heart precisely because forty years in uniform, and particularly that decade of war and life behind enemy lines, have taught me that, more than any other factor, military success or failure depends on the moral sentiment, the ethos, the spirit of the man in the street.

That sounds "preachy," doesn't it? Well, I'm in good company. Napoleon: "Sentiment rules the world, and he who fails to take that into account can never hope to lead." Pericles, honoring the military dead in his famous funeral oration: ". . . the important thing today is not to review the details of battles, but to discuss the *spirit* with which our country faces trials." In the last fifty years, have the American people ever yielded up the wherewithal for winning in the absence of a grass-roots sense that their society and its institutions had a special value?

Let me tell you, in a Communist country at war, in a Communist city under siege, *nothing* takes precedence over public support of national policy. We know, of course, that it's a force-fed system; Lenin rigged it that way. The point was not only that the nightly sings, the bribe-proof guards, and their diligent work on their patriotic essays would seem to indicate close coordination between national sentiment and military policy; it was the Party's intimacy with and influence over the man in the street. You have to give the old Bolsheviks credit for designing the whole state system around a party whose job it is to track and steer the confluence of public sentiment and policy.

Midge Decter in a recent article contrasts the effort Communist countries make to monitor deep-rooted public sentiment toward public policy and the way the United States has let the two get more and more out of phase over the past quarter-century. Perhaps this is partly because we have become hooked on opinion polls. Their coarse measurements are more or less adequate for data on people's preferences on particular issues. But, Miss Decter says, normal everyday opinion polls are not adequate for ferreting out deep moral sentiment, that ethos which is individually divulged only over time and usually in heart-to-heart associations. The sentiment that counts lies beneath opinions on issues; it is too fine-grained for polls or voting booths. But if it is ignored and kept isolated from the light of political attention, it ". . . will fester in the nether regions where ideas circulate and grow powerful and then become distorted and poisonous."

The classic modern example of this was the tone-deafness and myopia of Lyndon Johnson and his gang of systems analysts at the outset of public disenchantment with the Vietnam War. The Johnson Administration was at first insensitive to the discontent, and then inept at making an early explanation of what was going on. I was in combat and prison when that "nether region" vortex got going in America, but I had a front-row seat in North Vietnam when the Communist world started watching and enjoying our leaders' belated recognition of the problem and then their overreaction to it. If spontaneous poster-making at the private-soldier level can be considered the ultimate indicator of national elation, then that winter morning in 1968 when prison guards were setting off firecrackers and displaying crude sketches of a teary-eyed McNamara leaving the Pentagon for the World Bank had to be their counterpart of VJ Day.

That was about the time when most of the Democratic hawks started becoming chickens. I was in leg irons in cell 13, Alcatraz prison, when the pidgin-English voice on the prison squawk box announced the appointment to office of a certain Defense Department Under Secretary. Two years later, while I was still in cell 13, still in leg irons, the same pidgin-English voice announced, on the same cell loudspeaker, that Under Secretary's indignant resignation—and then went on to read excerpts from a book of "confessions" he had already written and distributed, describing his disillusionment with the war.

Did we in prison read this public turmoil in the way I'm sure the Vietnamese thought we would read it—as evidence of an unjust war? Certainly not. We read it as five years of inept national leadership—as Executive failure to ensure that the public and the policy were in tune. Sensitivity to that interconnection comes naturally to a combat leader—particularly to a prison leader who has to build and tend his own infrastructure of support. James MacGregor Burns calls the type of leadership that is always needed in these cases, indeed needed in any political leadership job in times of stress, "transforming" as opposed to "transactional" (bargaining-table) leadership. Good leaders are *transforming* leaders who make themselves continually conscious of what is going on in the minds of their followers. They are able to do this at a level of sensitivity and with a timeliness that permits them to make subtle adjustments to policy when required, and subtle adjustments to the understanding and even the mindset of the man in the street, to match. Great leaders can implant highminded needs in the place of self-interested wants in the hearts of their people.

Okay, you say, public sentiment is an important part of the national power equation. So, Mr. Self-Appointed Expert, how do you read that deep-seated American sentiment now? My answer is that, from talks on a hundred college

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campuses and meetings in a hundred community halls, I think that, in America today, the man in the street is frustrated by: 1) the belief that America is weakened to a point where she is no longer in control of her destiny, 2) the fact that he doesn't like this situation, and 3) the problem of his getting no satisfaction from abstract debates between high-level politicos, or from the indecipherable jargon of the Pentagon. Moreover, he is tired of wearing a hair shirt—tired of apologizing for America. He is willing to make more patriotic commitments than his political leaders over the last few years have felt they dared ask. What I see in him is not jingoism; it is neither exaggerated love of country nor doctrinaire hatred of the Russians. It is honest pride in a good and decent society.

Will Mr. Reagan be able to accommodate this sentiment as he sets our national course? You and I know that a change of thrust toward an American resurgence in the name of freedom would require at the very least a loud and clear public demand, no matter who is President. How could such a demand be generated?

With that rhetorical question, I could stop right now and let the whole thing stand as a sort of sketchily supported pep talk. I'm not going to do that. I'm going to take a crack at that question—about what it takes to generate public demand for a national resurgence—because I've had some pertinent experience along that line.

MY EXPERIENCE had to do with trying to generate a consensus to support a grand escape attempt from a Hanoi prison. The parallel sounds farfetched, perhaps, but hang on; it will clear up. You might first ask: Why should generating support for an escape attempt be difficult? Everybody knows that the prisoner's code requires escape whenever possible and unanimous support of all escape efforts.

In fact, it was not until late—when we were approaching our sixth or seventh year in the lockup—that the ardor of some for a big breakout cooled. Over the years, several groups had, after months of planning and preparation, made it over the wall and into the jungle—only to be re-captured, returned, and tortured for names of collaborators in their effort. In time, the North Vietnamese imposed camp-wide reprisal actions following each escape. Bones were broken. The subject of escape became an emotional issue; to argue for more escapes, even when the way had been paved for better-than-ever chances of success, was to ask people to accept risks and to pay costs in support of an *idea*. The escape idea is a good idea, a heroic idea, but, for the guy who stays behind, as most of them must, it's just an abstraction about which the question, "What's in it for me?" has no answer.

What I'm saying is that asking for a public demand for an American resurgence in the name of that good and heroic idea of human freedom poses the same problem. You're asking people to accept risks and pay costs when their answer to "What's in it for us?" is necessarily unclear.

Here's the way arguments over "ideas" line up: You have, on the one side, the supporters of the heroic idea—call them romantics or idealists. You have opposing them the profit-and-loss guys, the bottom-line guys, the "efficiency" worshippers—the systems analysts, if you will. And then in the background you have the silent majority, or should I say tongue-tied majority, too proud to deny the validity of the idealists' arguments, yet too timid to lay their necks on the line.

How does the debate come out? On which side does the silent majority throw its weight? It depends on the frame of reference within which the argument is conducted. If the bottom-line guys, the accommodators, are in control, most escape plans will be scrapped. Fellow prisoner John Dramesi wrote a book about his Hanoi escape plans' being scrapped because the criterion for go/no-go was the straight-sounding, "bottom-line" test: "Compare what we all have to gain with success to what we all have to lose with failure."

Well, no escape could ever go with that criterion, with that rule of evidence. If such a test had been the standard of judgment of the U.S. Navy in 1942, Admiral Spruance would never have engaged the Japanese fleet at the Battle of Midway, and we might have lost World War II. Of course, World War II was fought before the systems-analyst cult had gained the upper hand and imposed such clamps on inspired action. Dramesi's book, *Code of Honor*, covers territory familiar to me because, as you can read, I was the leader of the romantics who tried unsuccessfully to carry out his plan. All was poised in readiness that March morning in 1971 when a faint-hearted colonel pushed two years' work down the drain.

Dramesi's book is well named because, as I saw it, it was in fact "honor" that was in the balance. On the other side of the scale was a profit/loss ratio, a "What's in it for us?" measurement. American resurgence in the name of freedom is in the same predicament as is honor in a "What's in it for us?" test. *Any* idea is in trouble if a group opposing it, an "in group," is allowed to set up the criteria which evidence supporting it must meet.

The issue of national defense policy should not be the private property of this or that cult and its particular definitions of reason or justice. To him who says that honor, being unquantifiable, deserves only a footnote in a rational solution, I can reply that sanctifying efficiency, for all its quantifiableness, is merely an expediency to avoid facing an important obligation, to avoid risk and pain.

The outcomes of our most important debates on national defense policy depend primarily on the biases (whether toward honor or toward efficiency, toward idealism or toward accommodation) of those who control the rules of admissibility of evidence, those who set the frame of reference into which the arguments must be hammered. It's obvious by now that I'm tired of being told that national policy decisions must be restricted to a "bottom-line" process, and that honor and idealism have to be checked at the door. I think that's wrong from a moral standpoint, and it's particularly wrong now if we are to keep the public ethos and public policy out of conflict. On issues pertaining to national survival, we don't have to accept narrow rules of evidence set by a self-serving cult which is at the same time tone-deaf to public sentiment. "Transforming" leaders, not myopic managers, should position the fulcrum for these arguments. The choice is both arbitrary and important. Remember Archimedes's lever; depending on where you put the fulcrum, either side can cause the world to move. □

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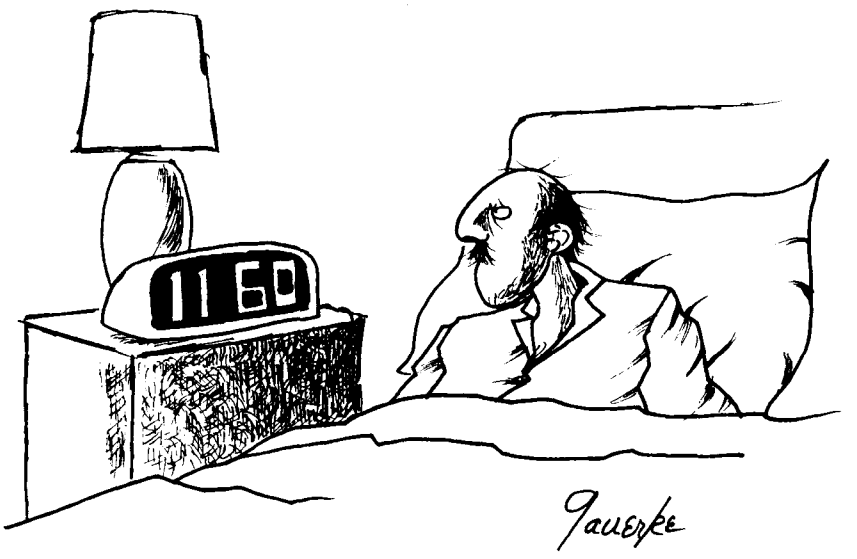

Dry-Eyed Culture Nut

I shall not weep as PBS
  Goes dark for lack of dough;
I'll get my Shakespeare from a book
  And ballet from a pro.
And though I'm in the 5 per cent
  Who clap for British hams,
I'd rather dump them all and save
  A hundred million clams.

W. H. VON DREELE

THIS ISRAELI BOMBING OF IRAQ'S NUCLEAR FACILITY IS OUTRAGEOUS! IRRESPONSIBLE! IRRATIONAL!
AND A RELIEF!
WORLD OPINION
Wright THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL-BULLETIN

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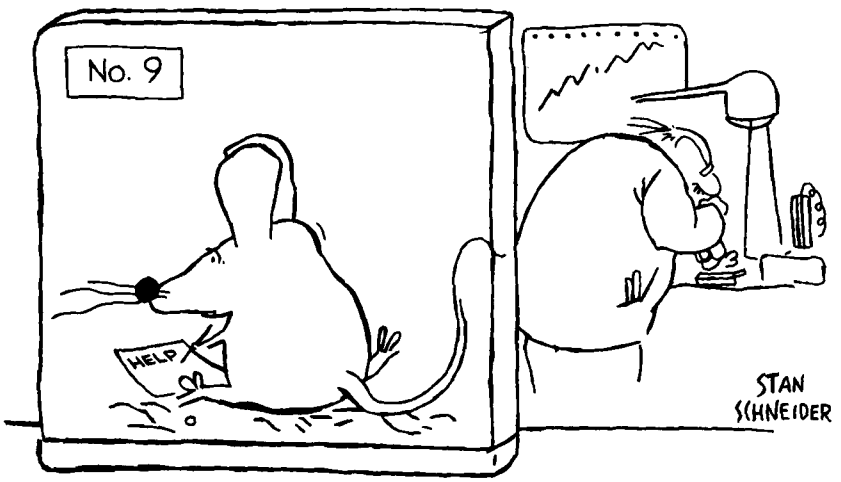
Heath, *Punch* Rothco

"Did they ban it?"



"Dear 'Amnesty International' . . ."

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The Uses of Power

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

MOST STATEMENTS emanating from Washington give me pleasure these days (except, of course, those that contradict the ones that please me). None gave me greater pleasure than Chester A. Crocker's declaration that the Reagan Administration would support all African states wanting to resist interventionism from Libya. He specifically mentioned states wishing to "resist what Libya has done in Chad."

Colonel Qaddafi is, by his nature, a recurring character in the little dramas of this column. Is he mad, as President Sadat says he is? The French language offers the term "*caractériel*," which does not readily translate into English but fits the problematical Bedouin fanatic reasonably well. A *caractériel* is not unintelligent, or even irrational, but one or more personality traits are abnormal, out of control.

One could call him a political psychopath. His ambition is inordinate, and anything he does to fulfill it is morally acceptable to him. The trouble is that his use of excess oil revenues to subsidize terrorism all over the world and create an empire of his own in Africa makes him a menace to the Free World, not least because his massive stocks of Soviet arms and the coziness of his relations with Moscow make him, in an erratic way, an instrument of Soviet power.

Qaddafi, No

Can he be stopped? It will be an interesting exercise to watch. With renascent American power, as with the more localized power of France under ex-President Giscard d'Estaing, the sticking point is the readiness of threatened governments to ask for help.

This was France's undoing in Chad last December. Nobody had invited the French to intervene, and Giscard's sense of international legality got the better of his previously steady nerves. The Third-Worldly left-wingery of President Mitterrand is going to prove an impediment of another kind.

Let us broaden the picture. In a world of notionally sovereign states, the legitimacy of a call for help from an outside power is usually thought to be dependent upon the existence of a duly constituted authority, worthy of recognition. Thus in Afghanistan, the Soviets put a government in power, then another and another before "responding" to the appeal of puppet Number Three.

The moral dilemmas of an open society and a party democracy are infinitely more traumatic to those who have to decide whether to exert power beyond their frontiers. It is nevertheless as true of democracies as it is of totalist states that power is what you can get away with.

When the CIA was what it no longer is, the covert use of power often worked, but sometimes didn't. The removal of the Guatemalan leftist Jácobo Arbenz Guzmán and his replacement by the anti-Communist Carlos Castillo Armas in 1954 still stands as a masterpiece of the *genre*. So does the replacement of the ranting xenophobe Mossadegh with the Shah of Iran a year earlier.

Ah, those were the days. . . .

The fiasco of the Bay of Pigs operation twenty years ago was an instructive exposure of the limitations of unacknowledged official action. I am not sure, however, that even now the proper lessons have been learned. It was clear at the time that there was no point in President Kennedy's unleashing of Cuban exiles unless he was prepared from the start to see the thing through, whatever the logistical support required (just as it was clear after the Suez fiasco of 1956 that there was no point in launching the expedition in the first place if Eden's nerve was going to fail him when the going got rough).

The principle of a government-in-exile is perhaps worth dusting off and looking at again. It served its purpose in some cases (Holland, for example) during World War II, when governments-in-exile in London could serve as symbols of legitimacy and valid excuses for action when the tide turned against the Nazis.

Theories and practices of international recognition vary from country to country. The American attitude has traditionally incorporated a moral (or moralizing) element that is absent from the more expedient British attitude. Thus the U.S. took years to recognize the regime of the Bolsheviks (as did, incidentally, the London *Times*, which denied legitimacy to Lenin, then Stalin, by covering Soviet events from Riga). And it was only the other day that America's recognition of Red China left the other China, on Taiwan, with that deserted feeling.

Back to Linkage

I am not at all sure that the British way is any better, for all its pretensions of hard-headedness. The British government of Clement Attlee rushed to recognize Mao's regime, in the hope of saving British assets; which were promptly seized anyway. Similarly, Lord Carrington was anxious to give Zimbabwe a government which Britain could recognize without offending the Nigerians, for fear they would nationalize Shell and BP; which they did anyway.

When it comes to current cases, the lessons of recent history should surely be pondered, if U.S. power is to be used to best effect: that is, with the backing of the current consensus. Just as there is no conceivable reason to recognize Qaddafi's puppet government in Chad, so there is no justification for recognizing the Marxist regime in Angola. Not even the British criterion (control of most of the territory) is met: about one-third of the country, in the north, is held by the FNLA, and about one-third, in the south, by Savimbi's UNITA.

It is a great strategic pity that Congress denied Henry Kissinger the authority to help the anti-Marxist guerrillas in Angola when U.S. aid might have made the consolidation of the Marxist government impossible.

Namibia, too, is an interesting case in this context. It is encouraging to note that the Reagan Administration is aware of the vital necessity not to let the South African government starve slowly through international ostracism. Can a formula be found to prevent the UN from foisting a Marxist regime on the Namibians? I hope so; and again, the noises from Washington are more pleasing than they used to be. □

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OPEC

Yamani's Book of Revelations

J. B. KELLY

ANOTHER PERFORMANCE of OPEC's long-running sacred drama has come and gone, preceded as always by much twittering in the Western press about the awful solemnity of the familiar rite and followed just as inevitably by the lavishing of flowery tributes upon the assorted mummers who make up the permanent cast. As is only proper, the most fragrant bouquets were accorded to the chief mummer, Sheik Ahmad Zaki Yamani of Saudi Arabia, whose elegant execution of the role of high priest or master of the revels was as flawless and effortless as ever.

Yet for all the impressive staging and the evident histrionic versatility of the players, backstage there was a considerable degree of uneasiness among the managers and promoters. They had for the first time in many years been faced with a glut of oil on the world market of sufficient proportions to undermine the cartel's confidence in its ability to continue dictating the price at which its members would sell their oil. OPEC production, which only a couple of years ago had stood at 31 million barrels a day (b/d), was down to 24 million b/d, and even at this level there was a surplus of two or three million b/d worldwide.

To the interested bystander the situation was not without an engaging symmetry; for OPEC owed its creation 21 years ago to a similar glut, a glut which had led the major oil companies in 1959-60 to cut oil prices by 28 cents a barrel. To try to retrieve the loss in revenue which they suffered as a consequence, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Iran, Iraq, and Venezuela banded together in September 1960 to form the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. There was this additional irony: that the glut had been created in the first place by the greed of the oil-producing states, and of Saudi Arabia in particular, for higher revenues, which had led them to put pressure upon the oil companies in the late 1950s to produce more oil than the market could absorb.

Plus ça change . . . Greed still dominates the counsels and actions of OPEC, overriding all other considerations. At the conclave in Geneva in the last week of May, the delegates of Iran and Iraq, the war between their countries conveniently relegated to oblivion, sat amiably side by side, cordially discussing premiums, production levels, and price differentials, and tactfully ignoring the fact that the Iranian oil minister, who had been taken prisoner while on an ill-advised visit to the battlefront, still languished in confinement in Baghdad.

The Gullible West

Saudi Arabia's current insistence on producing the lion's share (10.3 million b/d) of OPEC's output is represented by Sheik Yamani—and the explanation has been dutifully swallowed, with appropriate noises of appreciation, by the more gullible Western commentators—as part of a grand design by the Saudi government to bring "unity" into OPEC's price structure, the eventual aim being to reduce the present high level of oil prices as a necessary prelude to their orderly augmentation on a yearly basis. (If this seems contradictory, it is all of a piece, as we shall soon see, with Yamani's customary verbal legerdemain.) Price "unity" in this case means a return to the system which prevailed up to the end of 1978, when the prices charged for their oil by individual members of OPEC were calculated on the basis of the Saudi marker crude (standard Arabian light) with allowances for geographic location, specific gravity, and other differentials. This system was thrown to the winds in January 1979, when the curtailment of Iran's oil production and the overthrow of the Shah panicked many oil-importing countries into a rush to purchase oil on the spot market at grossly inflated prices lest a shortage should develop.

There was, however, no real scarcity of oil at the time (spare producing capacity in the world was then some five million b/d, approximately equal to Iran's normal output), although Saudi Arabia deliberately engineered the appearance of one by suddenly cutting her production, which she had raised some weeks earlier to take advantage of the Iranian shutdown. As soon as the bogus shortage had achieved the intended result of driving up prices in the spot market, the Saudis resumed full production and raised their prices accordingly, along with the rest of OPEC.

Over a period of little more than 12 months the price of Saudi Arabian oil rose from $12 to $32 a barrel—and all in the interest, so we have repeatedly been told by Yamani and his indefatigable apologists in the Western press, of exercising a "moderating" influence upon OPEC. Perish the thought that the Saudi royal family (who were not above dabbling in the spot market themselves) were motivated by avarice! Or that extravagance, fiscal mismanagement, and corruption on a monumental scale had brought about a severe deficit in the country's finances in 1978-79, thereby necessitating a substantial rise in the price of oil if the hectic pace of expenditure was to be maintained.

Now Sheik Yamani has claimed (initially on the NBC program *Meet the Press*, on April 19) that Saudi Arabia "engineered" the present glut of oil in order to stabilize oil prices and to impose both "moderation" and "price unity" upon the rest of OPEC. There is no reason why any more credence should be accorded this claim than any of Yamani's other tall tales.

Only four months earlier, in interviews with both *Time* magazine and the West German newspaper *Die Zeit*, he had complained vehemently about the existence of the oil glut, and more particularly about the size of the stockpiles held by the major oil companies. "If the oil companies and the governments concerned do not start reducing their oil depots," he observed darkly, "a heavy demand pressure will ensue on the speculative spot markets, the spot

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prices will soar, and the oil producers will not resist the temptation for long to drive the regular contract prices up . . . The price will go to at least $60 per barrel . . . I promise you that." To say the least, these are hardly the kind of sentiments one would expect to hear from the self-styled architect of the 1981 oil glut. But then consistency has never been the Saudi oil minister's strong suit.

The real reason for his unhappiness, as he revealed in an address at the University of Petroleum and Minerals at Dhahran on January 31, is that the Saudi royal house now realizes that it committed a blunder in engineering the enormous price increases of 1979-80. Having spurred the Western industrial countries to embark seriously upon the development of alternative energy supplies, the Saudis now face the nightmare of a declining demand for their oil and consequently a drastic reduction in their revenues. It is this prospect which haunts Yamani and his masters, and which drives them to try to reassert their ascendancy over the rest of OPEC. If they can bring the other members of the cartel to heel, they will be in a position to exercise some control over production levels, and to implement Yamani's long-term strategy for the annual augmentation of oil revenues by price increases of a size which will not antagonize or frighten off Western consumers.

If Yamani had confined himself in his public utterances, especially to Western audiences, to the exposition of these particular views, he might have made something of a plausible case. But he apparently finds it impossible to repress his fondness for gasconade. Thus, in his interview with the correspondent of *Die Zeit* alluded to earlier, he asserted that Saudi Arabia was producing more oil than was necessary to meet her financial requirements, solely as a "favor" to the West. "We can live quite comfortably with an extraction of five million barrels a day," he claimed blandly.

Not to put too fine a point on it, this is patently untrue. The total revenues of the Arab oil-producing states in 1980 were $209 billion, of which Saudi Arabia's share was about half. If her oil production were to be cut from more than ten million b/d to five million b/d, her revenues would fall to around $50 billion. But the Saudi government has only recently adopted a budget for 1981 of just under $90 billion. Income from investments is estimated at $15 billion per annum, which means that there would be a shortfall of about $25 billion in revenues for the current year. *Obviously* Saudi Arabia needs to produce a great deal more than five million b/d, and this is the sole reason why her oil production remains at a high level, just as the sole reason for the lower prices she charges is to enable her to sell her oil in greater quantities than her competitors in OPEC can sell theirs. (Saudi Arabia's sales have increased 3.7 per cent so far this year, while those of OPEC as a whole have declined 12.6 per cent.)

Yamani Unmasked

What is so endearing about Yamani is that occasionally he drops the mask of reasonableness and reveals his true feelings, and those of his masters, about the West. At the University of Khartoum this past March he spoke of Saudi Arabia's intention to use her oil to obtain "a massive transfer of technology from the industrial nations to the Third World." "The oil is not only a weapon in the Arab-Israeli conflict, it is also a weapon in the hands of the Third World to impose its will." To the correspondent of *Die Zeit* the previous December he spoke of securing from the Western world "a massive prosperity transfer for the development of the Third World."

"The West," he went on, "will never get a guarantee from us with regard to its oil supply without first handling the central problems of the Third World and leading them to a solution." But there was an even stronger, more deep-seated reason for the irritation he displayed during the interview. "The Moslems, Arabs as well as non-Arabs," he told his interviewer, "have suffered for a long time from the injustice and humiliations of the West. Their reaction led them in the past to the Left, to the Marxist ideology and toward leaning on the Soviets . . . The reason for their leftist trend was not love for Marxism-Communism but hatred and rebellion against Western humiliations." Yamani terminated the interview with a final splenetic outburst: "You Western people are so stingy, egotistic, and greedy. You want to rule everything with your power. Oil is our wealth . . . We hold the oil cards in our hand, but you put up such a dogged resistance and paint the future in the darkest colors because it does not belong solely to you anymore."

There is good cause for viewing the future darkly. OPEC's record for the past ten years and more has been one of deceit, rapacity, extortion, lies, and a profound contempt for the sanctity of freely negotiated agreements. Saudi Arabia's behavior, notwithstanding her prolonged and expensive propaganda campaign to the contrary, has been little better, if at all, than that of her fellow OPEC members. After an initial show of resistance to higher prices at every OPEC meeting, put on for the entertainment of impressionable Westerners, she has unfailingly raised her own oil prices before very long. However, this time it may be different.

Asked at the close of the OPEC meeting in May—at which the decision was taken to maintain prices at their previous level, despite the downward pressure being exerted by the oil glut—whether Saudi Arabia contemplated raising her oil prices closer to those of her fellow cartel-members, Yamani replied that an increase "is not on the agenda." His assurances were echoed by the Saudi deputy oil minister, Abdul Aziz Ibn Turki, a member of the ruling family, who stated: "In the absence of a unified price, we are going to stay at $32." In the past such assurances could confidently be regarded as a ritual prologue to a subsequent price increase. Now, however, with a surplus of oil on the world market, the Saudis may be forced, for a change, to live up to their promises. It is a prospect which we in the West can contemplate with cheerful fortitude. □

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THIRTY MONTHS LATER

Despite the shock of 'derecognition,' the Republic of China still flies her own flag from her own ship of state, and the ship shows plenty of freeboard. America's loss, it turns out, has been Europe's gain

Taiwan Springs Back

MARY McSHERRY

TAIPEI, TAIWAN—It has been two and a half years since America's derecognition of the Republic of China (ROC), but the impact of December 15, 1978 still presses upon the national nerve center.

The emergency declared by President Chiang Ching-kuo is over. The American Embassy in Taipei and the ROC Embassy in Washington have closed, but their substitutes, the American Institute in Taiwan and the Coordinating Council for North American Affairs (CCNAA), unofficially handle official business. Managing government representation through institutions insistently labeled private brings a flavor of Alice in Wonderland, but the point gets made: despite recognition of the People's Republic of China (PRC), the U.S. is not abandoning Taiwan. That fear has been laid to rest.

So have the attendant worries that derecognition set off in Taipei—and among Taiwan's friends in this country: that Taiwan would suffer a crippling loss of international borrowing power; that the PRC could pressure foreign businesses into pulling out; that the PRC could blockade Taiwan's ports, shutting off her import-export lifeline, or even that it could bomb, invade, and swallow up what had been hailed as "The Miracle of Taiwan."

None of this has happened. In the spring of 1981, the Republic of China still flies her own flag from her own ship of state, and the ship shows plenty of freeboard. Taipei looks much as it did before December of '78—the same mixture of low, tile-roofed Oriental buildings and slab-sided Western skyscrapers rescued from drabness by the brilliant neon banners of calligraphy.

The same noise, the same rush. The same well-dressed, fast-paced crowds, the same stores jammed with goods.

Yet, derecognition has made many changes. They have not been catastrophic, but they are there, and they are important.

Before derecognition, the United States was seen not only as the Republic of China's most important ally and most vital trading partner. America was The Friend. American moves were applauded, American motives extolled. That America would not let down the ROC was an article of faith. And then came Carter's middle-of-the-night announcement.

"It was bad," says Laurence Ting of the ROC Olympic Committee. "You have to remember what friendship means in our culture. It is an almost sacred tie. And then—" he shakes his head, "then to wake up President Chiang at 2 A.M.? Your friend, your ally for thirty years, and he's given eight hours' notice: the Mutual Defense Treaty is broken, recognition is withdrawn, and—oh, by the way, Carter says that the PRC is the government for all of China."

This does not mean that the long-term effects of derecognition have been all bad.

Herbert Gale Peabody, Executive Director of the Chamber of Commerce, a big, soft-spoken former U.S. Colonel, says: "There's no question that derecognition did this country no favor. But I think the Taiwan Relations Act provides even better security than the 1954 Mutual Defense Treaty. For one thing, it's new. Men in today's Congress—or 1979's—voted for it. A lot of those men will be around for a long time. For another thing the wording is stronger. It says the U.S. will regard as detrimental to its own interests any hostile military *or* economic action against Taiwan. That's new, the economic part, and it's very important. It says no blockade of Taiwan's ports, no embargo. Those were key words for the world to hear."

Nor does it mean that there is now hostility toward the United States. Certain American legislators, Barry Goldwater foremost among them, are practically national heroes. Ronald Reagan is regarded as a sincere friend, and his election was greeted with enthusiasm. But Reagan entered the scene two years after the fact, and the fact is that in December of 1978 America changed

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from The Friend to just a big country that could not always be trusted. This set off other changes.

The first was sudden and dramatic. It concerned the way Taiwan saw itself. In mid-December 1978, the ROC was in the middle of an election for seats in the legislative houses: the National Assembly and the Legislative Yuan. Here I must backtrack a little. The "Mainlanders" who fled the Communists in 1949 and came to Taiwan brought with them the national government elected in 1948, in the only nationwide election China had ever held. It was and remains the position of the Taipei government that the continuation in office of the national legislators elected then is a regrettable necessity until China is reunited and can hold another general election.

Politically ambitious young Chinese, as well as some native Taiwanese, are far from enthusiastic about this view. It means that Taiwan—the island itself—is represented only by those seats assigned to it as a province. It means also that only seats that fall vacant through death and new seats created by the increase of population in Taiwan may be filled. It was these seats—97 in the Legislative Yuan and 76 in the National Assembly—that were being contested in December 1978. Candidates opposed to the KMT—the ruling party—appealed to the native Taiwanese for support, reiterating the old battle cry that the "Mainlanders" hold disproportionate power. Their theme was, *Elect Taiwanese.*

Derecognition

It was a hotly and loudly contested campaign, with wall-posters and soundtrucks and crowds of partisan voters. Then at 10 A.M. on December 16, Taipei time, President Chiang made a radio address to the nation. He announced derecognition, counseled courage, and declared a national emergency.

"Traffic halted. Sound stopped. It was as if everything had come to an end," says a young editor, Linda Wu. "But then—and this was unbelievable—the same people who'd been shouting, 'The government is bad! We need change!' were out with their soundtrucks shouting, 'Support the President! Unite!' University students who'd been

putting up wall-posters criticizing the government ripped them down. They threw up others: 'Peanuts Stink!' 'We Stand Alone, but We Stand Together!' 'Follow President Chiang!' They painted the characters in their own blood."

"It must have been," says a diplomat credited to the ROC, "a gratifying moment for the government—possibly even a surprising one. Part of the cause, of course, was that all the people were suddenly in the same boat. They were united in their anger against—you will forgive me—the Americans. Peanuts disappeared from store shelves; people burned them in the streets. Ah, yes. They were united, too, by the threat from the PRC. It hit them—no matter how they'd complained against the government—that what they had here was pretty good. But a big part, I think, was the very real popularity of President Chiang. He said, 'Rally round.' And they rallied."

The rallying provided the government with the confidence it needed to move ahead, and to move fast. President Chiang postponed the election, saying that the nation needed all its energy for the emergency. And then he focused that energy on the tool the Chinese traditionally seize in adversity: hard work. The work was aimed at demonstrating to the world that, with or without American recognition, Taiwan was economically and industrially strong.

It was a message that could be backed up with impressive statistics. Over the previous decade, Taiwan's economy had shown an annual growth rate of 10 to 12 per cent. Exports had increased by about 25 per cent a year. The balance of trade was so favorable that Taiwan had built up foreign reserves of about $7 billion. Industry had attracted sizable investment from the United States, Japan, and West Germany, and lesser amounts from other countries. And the industry was diversified.

"Your President Carter," says a Dutch businessman, "did Europe a favor. After derecognition, the government here went out of its way to attract new people, new countries. 'Taiwan is not an American fief,' they said. 'You should look into it.' So they looked."

They did more than just look. In 1979 and 1980, nine new banks opened in Taipei. Three were American, but two were English, two were French, one was Asiatic, and one was Dutch. The ROC sent four official trade missions to Europe and received missions in return. Unofficial contacts were too numerous to count. Newspapers for 1979 chronicle a crescendo of visitors: Italian legislators, British journalists, Spanish doctors, French cinematographers, Irish promoters, Swiss bankers, German engineers. The aim was to strengthen ties everywhere.

Downgraded diplomatically, Taiwan worked to upgrade its economic links with the world. The figures for 1979 are impressive. With almost full employment, wages rose 16 per cent, production 25 per cent, and new investments 31 per cent. Total exports, meanwhile, increased by nearly 30 per cent. The European market, where the big effort had been made, increased 41 per cent. But in Southeast Asia, even without a major government-directed effort, trade also grew substantially.

By December of 1979, the various changes were adding up to what looked like a successful post-derecognition year for Taiwan. And then came the Kaohsiung Riot.

Briefly, here is what happened—or what apparently happened. Shortly before December 10—Civil Rights Day—a group in the big southern port city of Kaohsiung applied for a permit to hold an outdoor meeting on the 10th for thirty thousand people. Those applying were Taiwanese and an American woman married to a Taiwanese activist, Shih Ming-teh, who had recently been released from prison; a number of the group were connected with a new op-

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position magazine (now defunct) called *Formosa*, of which Mr. Shih was general manager. The government at first refused to issue a permit. Then one was granted for a meeting, but not a parade. The police moved additional men into Kaohsiung.

The meeting began peacefully enough, with a few speeches. One speaker was Huang Hsin-chieh, a Taiwanese member of the Legislative Yuan, and the publisher of *Formosa*. Mr. Huang was outspokenly anti-KMT. He also spoke against Communism. What he spoke *for* was change. He favored popular election of the president (now chosen by the National Assembly), and he had a favorite candidate—himself.

Mainland Connection

This much is more or less agreed upon. What happened once the demonstration started is less clear. Pro-government people say that the demonstrators, determined to parade, attacked the police. They believe the demonstration was backed by the banned Taiwan Independence Movement, which in turn is seen as linked to or exploited by the Communists on the Mainland. Persons connected with *Formosa* say that the crowd—which actually numbered about two thousand, not thirty thousand—was peaceable until the police began to move, hemming in the crowd, which then acted, perhaps in panic.

Whoever moved first or for whatever reason, the police were unarmed—although they did bring in tear gas for riot control—and the demonstrators carried wooden torches. There was a clash, the torches made handy clubs, and nearly two hundred policemen—who had been ordered not to return a blow or an insult—suffered injuries. Some were hospitalized. Only one civilian was hurt.

The incident aroused great feeling in Taiwan. Violence is seen as not Chinese; maintaining the social order is a prime Confucian tenet. If the demonstration was, as some feel, the first move in a larger plan of the Taiwan Independence Movement to attempt to overthrow the ROC and establish its own government, it was a remarkably poor move. Beating police, in the Chinese culture, is not only against the law; it is unacceptable at the deepest level.

Legislator Huang and his principal associates were arrested. The American woman was declared persona non grata and deported. After an investigation, there came a trial—in a military court, but open. The wire services and Amnesty International attended. The defendants were represented by lawyers of their own choosing. They also spoke themselves. After a trial of several days, Legislator Huang and several others were found guilty of sedition and sent to prison. Among them were Shih Ming-teh, the general manager of *Formosa*; Chang Chun-hung, the editor; and a young Taipei lawyer, Yao Chia-wen. Shih was sentenced to life in prison, Huang to 14 years; the other two men got 12-year sentences.

How is all this connected with derecognition? Possibly in one way and certainly in another. A Chinese-speaking American resident says, "I think you can make a case that, in a roundabout way, derecognition gave birth to Kaohsiung. You see, a lot of the native Taiwanese saw derecognition as American repudiation of the KMT. Well, rule out the KMT, and who's left? That churned up the Taiwan Independence Movement. They may have seen themselves as being able to get American recognition where the KMT had lost it."

Eskimo Connection

1980, despite the trauma following the Kaohsiung incident, was a prosperous year. Nearly half a million citizens traveled abroad, more than two hundred thousand of them for pleasure. Trade with Europe increased; Taiwan's products appeared at European trade shows, and European manufacturers displayed their wares in Taiwan. Unlikely corners of the earth discovered Taiwan's goods. Sales to Finland, for example, rose from $5.5 million to $9.3 million—a small amount compared to the total exports of $20 billion, but a gain of nearly 70 per cent. Sales to Greenland were even smaller, but the increase over 1978 was 350 per cent. One has visions of Eskimos in down-filled Taiwanese parkas feeding their sled-dogs Taiwanese fish.

All the figures were good: exports to the Middle East were up 22 per cent; to Central America, up 29; to Europe, 35; to Africa, 74. Trade with the Iron Curtain countries, in this, its first year, was small. "Only $80 million both ways," says Economic Affairs Minister Chang with the air of a man looking for his change pocket. "But—a start."

There were other starts in 1980. One had to do with feelings.

"During your election," says an ambassador who wishes not to be named, "when the people here sensed that Carter could be beaten, you could *feel* the hope rise. They would have welcomed anybody—anybody but Carter. But Reagan—ah!"

"At first," says Peabody of the Chamber of Commerce, "people hoped it would mean re-recognition. I believe it's understood now that President Reagan has inherited this situation, and there it is. So what's hoped for now is improvement. A *nicer* way of handling things. The Carter people in Washington made things hard for Koshin Shah—the CCNAA man. Now Dr. Tsai Wei-ping is going to replace Shah. Surely it could be made easier for Dr. Tsai. If he could meet with Americans in the normal, routine way—at their offices. If people would tell him about the planes the ROC wants to buy—the F-16s. If he weren't kept dangling. *Some* improvement."

Any announcement of change will have to come from Washington. But already there are hints: ROC officials are said to have access to White House aides. Someone met someone in an office. The nicer way seems to be coming. Taiwan anxiously watched the Haig mission to Peking for clues as to how the Reagan Administration would deal with the Mainlanders. Though the ROC expressed official dismay at the arms sale to Peking, it was noted with satisfaction that Haig had told his Peking hosts that the United States would pursue the "unofficial relationship" Americans have enjoyed with the people of Taipei. And that Ronald Reagan, in his press conference that same day, added: "I intend to live up to the Taiwan Relations Act."

Ronald Reagan's election was not the only one of note for Taiwan in 1980. The election postponed immediately after derecognition was rescheduled for December 6. Among the 97 new legislators are Huang Tien-fu, younger brother of Huang Hsin-chieh, the imprisoned publisher of *Formosa*, and

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Hsu Jung-hsu, the wife of *Formosa*'s editor, Chang Chun-hung. Chou Ching-yu, an attractive, soft-spoken social-worker and the wife of the attorney also imprisoned in the *Formosa* case, Yao Chia-wen, ran for one of the 76 seats open in the National Assembly, and polled more votes than any other candidate. She sees her election as vindication of her husband. The government sees it as proof of democracy at work.

Young Huang Tien-fu, having followed his elder brother into the legislature, is about to follow him into the publishing business. In September, he says, the first issue of his magazine, *Political Monitor*, will be on the stands. Like his brother, he deplores the KMT, but he also says good things about President Chiang.

It would be hard not to. A round-faced man with a gentle voice and a ready smile, President Chiang Ching-kuo projects a sense of serenity. In a conversation in mid-March he smilingly protested that he could not predict what changes might come from Reagan's election. "I think he will be good for your country." He speaks fluent, easy English. "Good for the world. For us, we hope—but maybe too soon to talk."

What if the climate did improve, and the Americans wanted a fueling station for ships? Would he give it?

Staying Alert

"Yes!" An instant response.

Or an airfield?

"Yes." He leans forward. "Anything. We have told the Americans this. *We* do not change."

But does he perhaps have changed feelings about the threat from the Mainland? Is it less now?

An earnest shake of the head. "We must stay alert, always alert. Maybe at this moment the threat is less, but defense is still our biggest problem. We have other problems, too. And we know we cannot just sit around and wait for them to go away. We must work on today's problems today. Tomorrow will bring its own."

Today's problems, for the ROC, largely duplicate problems of the rest of the world: inflation is up; the cost of energy is up; exports, abruptly, are down. They are down at the end of February only one-half of one per cent, but a loss of any kind is no shrugging matter in Taiwan.

A subtle change since derecognition is one of attitude. At the Institute of International Relations, a think-tank devoted principally to watching and analyzing the PRC, the Director, Dr. Tsai Wei-ping, soon to be the top CCNAA man in Washington, says mildly, "We are not against the Mainland—the people on the Mainland. In fact, we are deeply concerned for their well-being. We would feel better if their living conditions improved. But the fact is, with the exception of cadres, the people on the Mainland live in hunger and despair under the Communist system—a system that is totally un-Chinese. Over 75 per cent of the people on the Mainland are farmers or peasants. To them, private ownership of land is of paramount importance. To plow one's land when one is strong and to hand it down to the children when retired is the source of satisfaction to all farmers in China. But after thirty years of Communist rule, they have no land, and they have nothing else. Our purpose is not to attack the Mainland, but to transplant our system there."

In June 1981, looking back over the thirty months since derecognition, what can we conclude? If we were to draw up a balance sheet, was derecognition good or bad for the Republic of China?

It is hard to find anyone—Chinese or foreign—who will say *good*. It is not only that having to conduct business when you are officially invisible is hard. It is not only that the recognition of the PRC as the one government for all China poses a constant threat to the ROC's membership in any international organization. The country weathered the Olympic storm with an acceptable compromise; conceivably it can weather others as well. It is not even that some citizens may have seen derecognition as American repudiation of the present government, a view which may be what set in motion the traumatic Kaohsiung incident. At bottom, none of these is the issue. Derecognition is a question of pride, of national identity. It is—still—a question of America's friendship.

With those things, the country coped and is coping. The national self-reliance has been heightened, the national unity intensified. Restrictions have been relaxed. There are more non-KMT legislators, more Taiwanese and more young men in government. The PRC is seen, more and more, as a bumbling giant incapable of twentieth century production, rather than as an ever-present military threat. The main concern is the economy, not guns.

And what about the future? In March 1981, asked how he saw Taiwan in ten years, in twenty, President Chiang smiled. "Happy."

At first it was a disappointing answer—too brief, too vague. But as Jimmie Wei, an authority on Chinese culture, says, "You have to hear with Chinese ears." You have to know what *happy* holds. What does it take for Chinese to be happy? The right to private ownership; in Taiwan today, 79 per cent of the families own their own homes. The right to earn enough to live well and still save; the average family saves 22 to 30 per cent of its income. The right to raise children in your own belief. The right to plow your own land when you are strong and then to hand it down to your children. The right to continuity.

Continuity

There is a hill that rises behind the Grand Hotel, that great red and gold landmark looking down on Taipei. From the top of the hill, early, early in the morning before the smoke from industrial chimneys blurs the scene, you can look down on what appears to be a city of the West. Skyscrapers stand shoulder-to-shoulder along wide, clover-leafed roads. Buses scream along beside car carriers and trucks. In the distance a diesel whines. Planes roar overhead.

But nearer at hand, reedy music sounds. A Tai Chi class drifts like a dream in slow motion to its ageless, tuneless tune. Somewhere on the hill voices chant. A man digs in a small weedless garden—the vegetables are like jade. A rooster that might have stepped off a Ch'ing scroll struts past—bronze and gold and exotic, improbable orange.

The skyscrapers seem very far away. The changes since derecognition seem only cuticle-deep.

The rooster moves into the sun, poses, and crows. Perhaps he knows it is his year. And in another 12 years it will be his year again. And another 12—and another—and another. Continuity. With all the changes, this remains: China. □

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THE NTS

The Enemy Within

LENNART FRANTZELL

To the people of the Ukrainian city of Dnepropetrovsk, the drab, nondescript building at 101 Chicherin Street was just another government office. In April 1976, however, a *samizdat* document pinpointing it as a psychiatric prison began to circulate in the city. Whoever had printed the leaflet was very well informed about conditions inside the prison, and gave the names both of dissidents held there and of doctors who violated their medical oath by practicing there. The two-page document was signed "NTS."

Each day in the early afternoon—5:40 A.M. Moscow time—people in Siberian towns like Khabarovsk, Irkutsk, and Krasnoyarsk can tune their shortwave sets to 7,150 khz, 9,630 khz, or four other wave-lengths and hear, heavily jammed by the Soviet transmitters around Vladivostok, a program which begins: "*Govorit Narodno Trudovoi Soyuz—Govorit NTS.*"

The man who one morning in early April 1978 faced the Leningrad City Court had the pallid, stoic look common to all prisoners in the USSR. Leonid Yakovlevich Lubman—a 42-year-old economist—was sentenced to 15 years in jail for allegedly passing state secrets to "an agent of the infamous NTS."

On June 2. 1976, a horde of KGB agents arrested a man in a grey overcoat outside the gates of the Likhachev auto plant in Moscow as he was passing out leaflets urging the workers to strike. During interrogation the man —Vladimir Deriugin—admitted to having been an NTS member since 1961.

On March 18, 1980, the U.S. State Department held a press conference about an explosion at a Soviet germ-warfare plant in Sverdlovsk 11 months earlier. As the State Department saw it, the incident was extremely serious: it indicated that the Soviets apparently had contravened the U.S.-Soviet Biological Warfare Treaty. The information about the blast had been spirited out of the USSR by the NTS.

The Narodno Trudovoi Soyuz (National Labor Alliance) is a non-Communist Russian political organization founded in Belgrade in 1930 to offer a democratic alternative to the Soviet Communist Party. In terms of the political spectrum, the NTS is positioned between the European Christian Democratic and Social Democratic parties.

The new NTS quickly began to dispatch agents into the USSR, and the first NTS men caught by the Soviet secret police, Pyotr Iroshnikov and Mikhail Florovsky, were shot in December 1934. The early years were a period of mounting casualties—and of heroic feats. Boris Olennikov, E. Pereladov, and I. Kobylkin crossed into the Soviet Union from Manchuria and made their way across Siberia to Moscow. After completing their mission they returned the way they had come, only to be arrested on the Chinese border. They were shot in Irkutsk.

Igor Khlobystov crossed the border with little difficulty and settled down outside Moscow. In 1942 he was mobilized and fought against the Germans, ending up with the Soviet occupation forces in East Germany. Back in civilian clothes, he settled in Gorky, where he and the NTS group he had recruited were later arrested.

In World War II the NTS set up underground groups in the areas of the USSR occupied by the Germans, and also operated among the Russian prisoners of war captured by the Wehrmacht. The Germans at first sought to use the organization for their own ends, but soon realized that the NTS wanted a Russia free not only of Stalin, but of Hitler as well. Several hundred NTS men in occupied Europe were rounded up by the Gestapo in 1944 and dispatched to concentration camps.

Reconstituted in 1974, the NTS for a while provided Western intelligence with agents for operations inside the USSR. This cooperation was ended in the 1960s, however, after several NTS members were betrayed by double agents in the British and West German secret services.

Today the NTS operates out of Paris, with a total active membership in the West of around five hundred. A 1969 KGB estimate of uncertain reliability put twenty to 25 NTS members in Australia, a dozen in Belgium, five or six in Italy, twenty to thirty in France, and two to three hundred in West Germany (*L'Humanité*, September 12, 1969). To these figures must be added sizable groups in Great Britain, the Scandinavian countries, Israel, the United States, and, of course, the USSR itself. The NTS operates a radio station in Taiwan and a publishing house in Frankfurt. Its propaganda section smuggles Russian-language newspapers, magazines, and books into the USSR. A clandestine section supervises the work of the NTS moles behind the Iron Curtain.

The NTS has become one of the best-informed sources on the Soviet Union. As early as 1937 the organization published Ivan Solonevich's *Russia in Chains*, one of the first descriptions of the Gulag Archipelago. The NTS monthly, *Possev*, has published, among other scoops, a series of lists of Russians kept under surveillance by the KGB, and has even been able to lay its hands on a police report on Nikolai F. Artamonov-Shadrin, the CIA double agent kidnapped by the KGB in Vienna in 1975.

How effective is the NTS? The special editions of NTS publications printed on thin paper are, we know, read fairly widely in the USSR, and frequent Soviet press attacks on the organization bear eloquent witness to the importance the Soviet security organs attach to it. By operating within the USSR, the NTS provides Soviet citizens with an alternative to resigned acceptance of the regime or emigration: direct political action to change the system. As popular frustration with the increasingly scandalous performance of the Soviet economy steadily increases, the KGB is becoming more and more nervous, and the NTS more and more upbeat. □

Mr. Frantzell is a freelance writer who specializes in Soviet and Chinese affairs.

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Abroad

Paris *Le Petit Prince*

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's disappearance in a plane in 1944 over the south of France ranks with that of Amelia Earhart in the annals of lost aviators. The author of *Wind, Sand, and Stars*, *Night Flight*, and the ever-popular *The Little Prince* was last seen flying a Lockheed P-38 fighter on a reconnaissance mission shortly before the Allied invasion of the French Mediterranean coast. Now, however, the French Pilot Syndicate's publication *Icare* has published an account left by a German pilot, Robert Heichele, himself shot down later that year, which tells of how a German patrol, equipped with the then new FW-190 prototypes, planes unfamiliar to the French pilot, surprised him near St. Raphael and opened fire with their cannon. Saint-Exupéry's plane was unarmed, as he relied on its speed and maneuverability. Heichele's report says that such a plane was shot down just at the time. Saint-Exupéry was reported missing. This explanation is accepted as the most likely so far of the famous pilot-author's fate.

Kabul *Soviet Achievements*

It is well over a year and a half since the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan on the pretext of protecting its people. And its achievements, in military and political terms both, are fairly limited. The Russians have indeed managed to occupy and hold the principal cities and towns and the road network, at least by day, although in recent weeks the country's second largest city, Kandahar, has been heavily infiltrated by rebel guerrillas. The Russians have attempted to use the helicopter gunship as a means of controlling unoccupied areas, recently increasing the number of these aircraft from sixty to 240. Politically, their venture has not paid off. Defections and desertions have reduced the Afghan army, the Soviets' principal instrument of control, from 70,000 to 25,000. The Soviets for their part have had to maintain their forces at the 85,000-man level with a reserve of 30,000 more troops in border zones within the Soviet Union. The rebels, or insurgents, as they are variously called, are using staging areas mainly on the Pakistani frontier, where there is considerable arms smuggling despite attempts by the Pakistani government to remain neutral. The rebels in many places have set up their own local governments, levying taxes and either colluding with local officials or murdering them. "We have been joined by many defectors who bring with them weapons, ammunition, and armored cars," says one insurgent leader. "The Russians have the advantage of helicopter gunships, but we are fighting on home soil and have God at our hand."

Peking *Or Rumors of War*

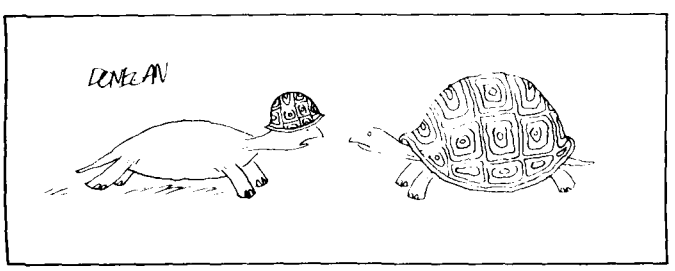
A growing number of reports of Vietnamese military activity on China's southern frontier suggests a new outbreak of Sino-Vietnamese conflict building up toward overt fighting probably later this year. As in 1978, when the Chinese fought an inconclusive border war with Hanoi, the frequency of the reports has been increasing in the press and in official communications. The latest attack by Vietnamese troops was said to have been in battalion strength in frontier areas of the southwestern Chinese region of Guangxi. Vietnamese troops were described as attacking Chinese guards after heavy artillery barrages. The attack was repelled, but there were a number of casualties. There is little chance, however, of a Chinese operation furthering one of China's major foreign-policy objectives, the downfall of the Vietnamese-supported regime in neighboring Cambodia and the triumph of the anti-Vietnamese coalition headed by Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the former Cambodian head of state and a perennial heir to power. The opposition in Cambodia is far too nugatory and too divided to be able to drive out the government in Phnom Penh, no matter how much support is forthcoming from Peking. Some political observers see in a new border conflict an opportunity of diverting attention within the Chinese army from liberal reforms now being promoted by Party Vice Chairman Deng Xiaoping, another perennial survivor.

London *The Waves Unruled*

The half-billion-dollar aircraft carrier *Ark Royal*, launched earlier this month, may be put into mothballs, so stringent have been the cuts in the budget of the Royal Navy. In fact the British fleet, normally boasted of as the third biggest in the world after the American and the Soviet, may be reduced to a handful—forty ships—in the next few years if the military cost-cutters have their way. The Royal Navy's principal assignments in NATO strategy are two. The first is to oppose the Soviet submarine threat in the eastern Atlantic, especially at the "choke points" between Iceland, Greenland, and the British Isles. The other is to protect the trade and reinforcement sea lanes between the United States and Western Europe. It is true that the British nuclear deterrent is chiefly in naval hands in the form of the Polaris submarine missile, but the government is planning a new Trident missile system to replace it, and the cost is so great, ironically, that the navy, in light of the Thatcher government's defense cuts, must be reduced everywhere else to compensate for it.

Southampton, Hants. *Another Way*

Stephen Butler, 24, was so deep in debt he wrote a note saying he would kill himself or else disappear forever. But the excitement of the prospect of suicide so affected him, a coroner's inquest ruled here, that he died not by his own hand but of a heart attack brought on by an upsurge of adrenaline.



Donegan, *Punch* Rothco

"I've cut back on defense spending."

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JOB DESCRIPTION

Ministry—New Style

L. H. GANN

MY DEAR JOHN: I have been delighted to hear that you have been offered the job of Academic Liaison Officer at the World Council of Churches, and I trust that you will accept the proffered position. You have expressed some hesitation. Let me assure you that your self-doubts are ill-founded.

When you begin to work in your new vineyard, remember that your flock expects three things—they wish to be entertained; they desire to be reassured; they want to be counted among the Elect.

Your first duty, then, is to act as a kind of comedian. But in carrying out this assignment on a college campus, you require an air of sophistication. This is easy to acquire. To begin with, there are the four magic prefixes, to be used with every word ending in "ism." They are "demi," "semi," "quasi," and "neo."

If you use these interesting permutations, you cannot fail to be regarded as a man of culture and originality. Talk of quasi-imperialism or neo-Adlerianism —the possibilities are vast. You will also find a German dictionary most useful in preparing your sermons. Double- or triple-barreled German words, if pronounced with a serious mien and a dignified countenance, have a *most* reassuring quality.

The use of such terms will also convince your listeners that you have actually read the tedious philosophers whom you cite—Marx, Heidegger, Kant (the latter pronounced as "cant," *not* in the vulgar German fashion). But these are general principles only; let us now consider some specific areas of operation.

1. *Revolution*

Your most important resource will be to preach the theology of liberation. Remember that the rebel is to the expensively educated what Bela Lugosi in the olden-day horror movies used to be to the inexpensively educated—an agent whose task it is to produce pleasurable, spine-tingling sensations.

You would also do well to get a minority revolutionary to speak some stirring words to your congregation before the final benediction.

Most of your listeners are mistakenly convinced that minority people use gutter-language from the time they learn how to speak. You will thus cause your parishioners to be confirmed in their prejudice. Your flock will also feel agreeably chastened, and will be grateful for a touch of the picturesque.

2. *Useless Lives*

This brings me to the next point, reassurance. Many among your congregation secretly suspect that they lead idle and useless lives (as indeed many of them do). You should encourage their feelings of anxiety, but direct them to such causes as cannot possibly entail any practical sacrifices on their part.

Keep up-to-date on good causes. (Consult *The New York Review of Books*. If you wish to appear unusually sophisticated, use the British *New Statesman*.) It will be of the utmost importance to you to preach the right cause. Strong feelings concerning Franco Spain mark you out as a reactionary relic from the 1930s. Sympathy for the Jews in Palestine stamps you as a hopeless driveler from the 1940s. An interest in Titoism and the writings of Djilas characterizes you as an ignoramus from the 1950s.

But Nazi Germany is always a safe subject. So is El Salvador. So is birth control (be specific, lest you be thought unworldly). Never fail to call for the confiscation without compensation of all *latifundias* in any part of Latin America. You may be fairly sure that none of your congregation draw *their* monthly checks from a South American estate.

3. *No Theology*

In your new position you need not be conversant with theology. A few references to *Angst* and "Vatican III" will do. You should, however, be an expert on political economics. The required knowledge is not hard to attain.

Whatever the issue, always have a pet scheme and always, but always, call for an increase in public expenditure. When Friedmanites ask you how you propose to pay for your project, look superior, and reply: "Can we afford *not* to have it?" Remember that the public purse is unlimited, that the common people are selfish, that academically trained administrators can spend the taxpayers' money much better than the taxpayers themselves.

4. *Institutional Change*

As a clergyman you are not primarily a pedagogue. But you can still play a modest part in depreciating the intellectual currency. Add your mite by stressing the importance of "institutionalized change."

I now come to my last and most important subject, the Fellowship of the Elect. In your new position you will always have to cultivate not only the intellectual, but also the spiritual pride of your flock. It will simply *not* be enough to encourage your parishioners in their snobbish disdain of "hardhats," blue-collar workers, and shopgirls. Your own grandmother already shared these estimable sentiments.

Your flock needs more. They claim to be intellectuals. So teach them the virtues of subjectivism, indeed of solipsism. *Their* moods, *their* sensations, *their* intuitive wisdom, *their* "gut feelings" should appear the mainspring of relevance, indeed the ultimate source of reality. Proceed straight on this course, my dear John, and you cannot fail to go far.

Peace and Joy,
Your loving brother in office
Screwtape
Assistant Devil for Cultural Affairs

Mr. Gann is a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution at Stanford University.

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Books Arts & Manners

Life Began at Forty

CHARLES BURTON MARSHALL

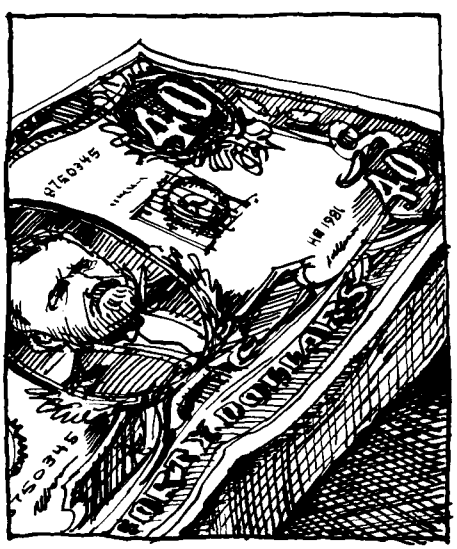
Grant: A Biography
By William S. McFeely
Norton, 592 pp., $19.95

Hiram Ulysses Grant's bossy father, without consulting his son, got him placed at the U.S. Military Academy. There was an error in the appointment papers, and the undersized teenager, too abashed to seek a correction, thus became Ulysses Simpson Grant. An unremarked cadet, class of 1843, Ulysses disliked West Point. An infantry lieutenant's life suited him even less. Boredom when he was sent to duty stations away from his wife, Julia (a classmate's sister), impelled him to whisky—a recurring weakness. "Military life," in his words, "has no charms for me." He resigned soon after being promoted to one of the Army's forty permanent captaincies. He proved wanting in the talent of translating effort into achievement over the seven ensuing years, during which, by turns, he farmed, peddled firewood, and clerked in his father's leather shop.

At age 39, with five dependents, Grant seemed to be a loser. Within a year, he was on his way to becoming famous. In uniform again, now with stars on his shoulders, U. S. Grant was in charge on the battlefield during the only tactical successes worth noting in the first year of the still improvised war to save the Union. He was being called "Unconditional Surrender" Grant, and portents were discerned in the match of his and the nation's initials. With continuing successes in the western theater, capped by a first-rate battlefield performance at Chattanooga, Grant, still only 41, was summoned east to Washington, raised to George Washington's grade of lieutenant general (revived for his special benefit), and placed at the apex of military authority in a Union properly geared up at last to do in the Confederacy. Appomattox lay a year ahead.

Victory's rewards included homage, feasting, finery, entree to circles of wealth and fashion, and two terms in the White House, 1869-77. Grant and his Julia loved the high life and put on airs and weight. That he was an utter misfit in the Chief Magistracy—a result of imperceptivity rather than malignity—seemed not to bother the electorate much. A coveted third term might well have been his if he had not tarried overlong abroad to enjoy a celebrity's accolades. As the lionizing dwindled, Grant, nearing sixty and needing gainful employment, gave his name to a brokerage firm—an ultimately disastrous venture. Broke, unpensioned, and stricken with cancer, Grant rallied mind and energy to compose his military memoirs, in hopes of squaring himself with his creditors and leaving assets enough to spare Julia a necessitous widowhood. That last work of devotion done, he died in 1885 at 63, a re-authenticated hero.

Books about Grant began appearing in 1864 when he was first mentioned for President; the number of new ones appearing in a given year rose to 14 in the election year 1868 and peaked at 15 in the year of his death; there is now a total of about 95, making him probably the third most chronicled figure in U.S. history, trailing Washington and Lincoln only.



Familiar myself with eight of that biographical aggregate, I venture to guess that Professor William S. McFeely's new offering is the ultimate best. I can not think of anything critical to say about it beyond noting misapplications of "fulsome" and "celebrants" (that last, when used to mean celebrators, being akin to calling protestors "protestants").

In McFeely's account, the fallow years do not shake Grant's confidence. He is intent on proving himself, as Julia has no doubt he will. Their mutual need and trust are constituents of a genuine, however mundane, love story.

Grant acts with calculation once the Civil War opens a way to success and plaudits. Apart from ambition, it is devotion to the Union rather than conviction against slavery that impels him. The contrast at the surrender scene between a spruced-up Robert E. Lee in his best uniform and Grant looking seedy in field clothes is partly by Grant's contrivance. His colossally flawed tenure of the Presidency—an eminence toward which he is drawn, according to

Jack Chatfield *teaches American history at Trinity College.* . . . **Thomas Mallon** *is a professor of English at Vassar College.* . . . **Charles Burton Marshall**, *an international-relations scholar, currently serves on the Council of Foreign Relations.* . . . **Margaret Dickie Uroff** *is a professor of English at the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana.*

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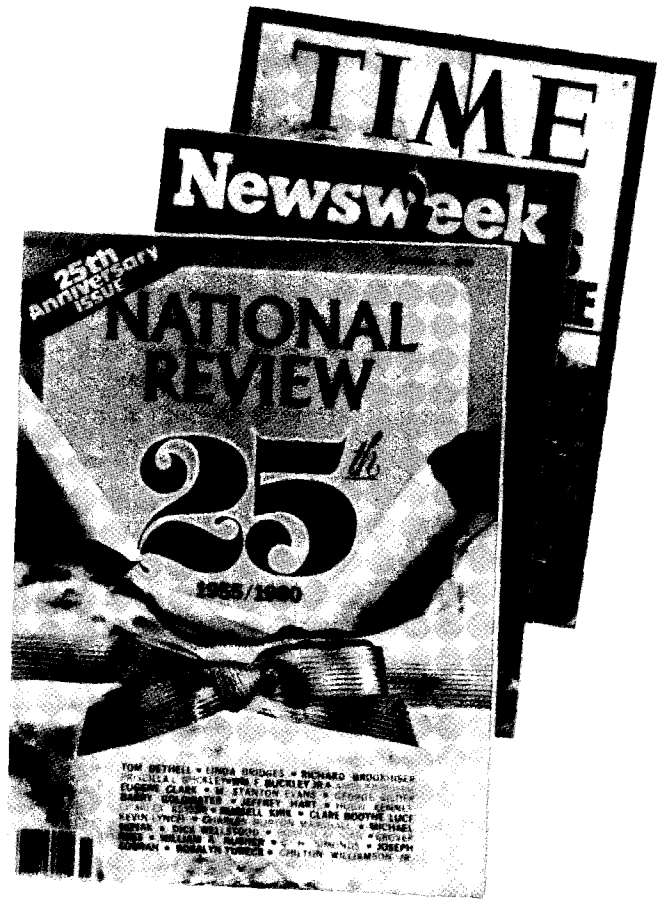
You won't find these articles in TIME or NEWSWEEK

- **Should Reagan Kill the Dept. of Education?** Some provocative answers by Joseph Gerard
- **Northern Ireland: At Long Last a New Idea.** John P. Reidy explores some interesting possibilities
- **What about the Draft?** A Conservative View by William R. Hawkins
- **The Trilateral Commission: Is It a Conspiracy?** Richard Brookhiser investigates
- **After Affirmative Action, What?** Nathaniel O. Stevens wants to know



But you *will* find them in coming issues of *National Review* (and *only* in *National Review*). Articles like these are important to you for this good reason – *they keep you in touch with the "other" point of view* and that's come to be a necessity for the truly informed person in these days of "homogenized" news reporting.

What's more, you'll find that keeping up with the news the NR way helps you to better evaluate what you *do* read in the "news magazines" (or see on TV). NR gives your own opinions the critical balance that can make your views and conversations more interesting–because it's one magazine that really *does* give you the view from the other side. And backs it up.

But the benefits of getting *National Review* regularly don't stop with this special coverage of current events. There is an abundance of other features to expand your horizons and delight your sense of humor. The book section with its discerning reviews of really important books is a treasure in itself. Movies and plays get the same unusual treatment. There are also articles on the latest in travel, food and wine, music, and so on. To say nothing of the inimitable cartoons of Gauerke, Mal and others. In short, the regular readers of *National Review* keep up with the arts and manners of our times – but from a refreshingly different point of view.

All of which makes NR one of the best buys around. And all *you* have to do to start enjoying this genuinely interesting magazine regularly is to fill out the postpaid card (opposite) and mail it back to us. It entitles you to 12 big issues (24 weeks) of *National Review* at the special low rate (for new subscribers only) of just $9.95. A bargain price indeed for some of the best journalism in America. Send in the handy card today. It's the first step in the *right* direction.

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McFeely, for lack of anything better to do—probably bars his full restoration to the national pantheon. The bulk of mediocrity in the man is large. Yet a residue of greatness is indubitable.

The source thereof remains elusive even after a reading of McFeely's commendable study. Grant's heritage provides no clues. His mother—perhaps feeble-minded, according to McFeely—was a nonentity for Ulysses. His meddlesome father may have spurred a yearning to escape a galling dependency. But being goaded to break free—or indeed to get even—is not a stimulus to transcendent accomplishment. One must still wonder how Grant—despite occasional tactical lapses, as at Cold Harbor—managed so effectively in the arts of large-scale combat. Instruction at the Academy, brief experience of war in Mexico, his tenure as a company officer in a dinky peacetime army—these can hardly account for the soundness and scope of Grant's military insights. Whence came the grasp revealed in the memoirs? As I recall, they notably excel in clarity and comprehension any of the crop of warriors' reminiscences I have perused since my reading of Grant's 43 years ago. As memoirist, as in commanding the Union armies, he was master of his task. □

RANDOM NOTES

■ More July Titles: With the publication of *The Sage of Monticello* (Little, Brown, $19.95), Dumas Malone concludes his six-volume biography of Thomas Jefferson. This final one covers Jefferson's last 17 years, from his retirement as President in 1809 to his death in 1826. . . . T. Harry Williams's *The History of American Wars: From Colonial Times to World War I* (Knopf, $20) is being published posthumously.. Williams died before he could bring his account through the Vietnam conflict. . . . *Literary Democracy: The Declaration of Cultural Independence in America* (Viking, $20), by Larzer Ziff, is a study of the emergence of a distinctive American literature between the Panic of 1837 and the Civil War. . . . Charles L. Mee Jr.'s latest book is *The Ohio Gang: The World of Warren G. Harding* (Evans, $14.95); it deals primarily with the exuberant scandals of one of our more pleasant Administrations.

Roger Tennant's *Joseph Conrad* (Atheneum, $16.95) is one of a number of recently published biographies of Conrad. This one examines in much detail the creative processes by which the major works were written. . . . *Saki: A Life of Hector Hugh Munro* (Simon & Schuster, $14.95), by A. J. Langguth, is a good literary biography of the British short-story writer, Conservative, and homosexual who was killed in action in World War I at the age of forty-six.

Richard Levinson and William Link argue in *Stay Tuned: An Inside Look at the Making of Prime Time Television* (St. Martin's, $10.95) that good network TV has attained the status of an art form. They are themselves the creators of *Mannix*, *McCloud*, *Columbo*, and other such media artworks.

William A. Rusher's new book, *How to Win Arguments* (Doubleday, $10.95), is already receiving enthusiastic praise from advance reviewers for its wit, humor, and good sense. It is *The Prince* of arguers.

—CW

The Imperiled Union: Essays on the Background of the Civil War
By Kenneth Stampp
Oxford, 320 pp., $15.95

MAKING HAY

JACK CHATFIELD

When Perry Miller was a young graduate student seeking his intellectual fortune, he was given some fatherly advice by a University of Chicago scholar. "All the hay of New England Puritanism has been threshed," he was told. He would wreck his career, "even before it commenced, crawling through the dry stubble to pick up stray gleanings." But Miller persevered, plowed up the old ground, and made a crop.

How often must historians, whether out of intellectual exhaustion or intellectual lassitude, have wondered whether the hallowed ground of the American Civil War—its causes, its course, its consequences—had finally been reduced to "dry stubble"? One has only to look at Thomas Pressly's *Americans Interpret Their Civil War* to get a sense of the vastness and variety of the literature.

Since that book's publication in 1954, moreover, there has been a stunning succession of rich harvests. The great work of earlier generations—much of it still of value—is now only prologue to the scholarship of the past 25 years: William Freehling and Thomas Cooper on the politics of slavery; Eugene Genovese and others on the culture of slavery; Eric Foner and Michael Holt on the Republican Party during the 1850s; Don Fehrenbacher and Harry Jaffa on the pre-presidential Lincoln; Aileen Kraditor and James McPherson on the abolitionists; Eugene Berwanger and Jacque Voegeli on racial attitudes in the Midwest and the politics of emancipation; William Barney on the Southern road to secession; and Emory Thomas on the Confederacy. This is only a sample. Then, of course, there has been the continuing work of older scholars—among them David Potter, David Donald, Allan Nevins, and Kenneth Stampp.

Stampp's distinguished career as an historian of the Civil War era began with a work on Indiana during the war and continued with a seminal study of the Northern response to the secession crisis. In 1956, with the publication of *The Peculiar Institution*, Stampp established himself as a leading scholar of Negro slavery, and his book still stands as one of the principal monuments of the post-Phillipsian school and the best general introduction to the subject. Of course, one of the most interesting developments in recent years has been the flowering of a colorful, impassioned, and diverse literature on slavery, and the partial rehabilitation of Ulrich B. Phillips at the hands of an unclubbable Marxist scholar.

Three essays in the present collection (including one on the Confederacy) reflect Stampp's reaction to this literature and his continuing preoccupation with the elusive character of the plantation regime. He does not take on Genovese. But he makes a foray against Stanley Elkins's *Slavery* and, in the most spirited essay of the lot, launches a devastating attack against the pretensions of *Time on the Cross*. At times, his essay is overwrought: it is not true that Fogel and Engerman's controversial treatise is "rooted" in the pro-slavery writing of Thomas Dew, and Stampp damages his case by making that charge. But he scores heavily when he indicts *Time on the Cross* for its misuse of evidence; its preposterous claims of "scientific objec-

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tivity"; its assault on such straw men as "the traditional interpretation of slavery"; its sweeping attacks on the "racist myopia" of the abolitionists; and its grotesque distortion of the "untidy" world of Negro slavery. Says Stampp: "The slave-plantation system was potentially profitable—Fogel and Engerman and many of their predecessors have proved that beyond a doubt—and this fact may have fathered a wish to find it totally rational." Stampp's essay should be an appendix to future editions of *Time on the Cross*.

If this polemic against two cliometricians is the tastiest essay in the group, "The Concept of Perpetual Union" is the most interesting. First published in 1978, it is a pioneering effort on a subject about which the ratio of the known to the assumed is very great indeed. There are, of course, the familiar landmarks—the pleas of Hamilton and Washington, the ringing judgments of Justice Marshall, the speeches of Webster, Jackson's Proclamation to the nullifiers, and Lincoln's inaugural. But readers of Professor Stampp's essay will be surprised to discover how shrouded this subject really is—shrouded in good part by the dust and smoke of Civil War battlefields. We approach the early history of the idea of perpetual Union with the wide-eyed innocence of schoolchildren.

As Stampp demonstrates, the notion of an indissoluble Union cannot be found in the Constitution nor in the careful arguments of the Federalist spokesmen during the heated struggle over ratification. The case for perpetual Union had already been weakened by the decision of the Philadelphia convention to "dissolve" the Confederacy and erect a "more perfect" Union—a Union whose membership would be determined through ratification rather than by prior allegiance. Equally important, the nationalists in effect purchased ratification at the expense of an explicit provision for an indissoluble Union. The convention failed to include a "perpetual Union" clause in the Constitution, though such a clause had been reported out by the Committee on Detail. And during the ratification fight, nationalists like James Wilson, desperate to quiet the fears of their opponents, argued that "those who ordain and establish may certainly repeal or annul the work of government." Even Hamilton, in *Federalist 28*, maintained that "the State governments will, in all possible contingencies, afford complete security against invasions of public liberty by the national authority." This was cold comfort to the antifederalists who believed that the "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union" had been destroyed by an act of conspiratorial usurpation.

A "systematic and comprehensive" argument for perpetual Union was slow to emerge in the young republic. "The most common perception of the Union was as an experiment whose future was uncertain at best. The Union was valued less for its own sake than as a means to certain desirable ends, especially the protection of the people's liberties and the defense of the country from enemies abroad." Before the Age of Jackson, the idea of the Union as a "means" did not know sectional bounds: it was a Pennsylvania senator who proclaimed during the Missouri debates that if he were forced to choose between the dissolution of the Union and the extension of slavery, "I, for one, will choose the former." John Quincy Adams recorded similar thoughts in his famous diary. On the other hand, the earliest substantial arguments for perpetual Union came from Charleston and Richmond. And Jackson's Proclamation to the South Carolinians was written by his Secretary of State, Edward Livingston of Louisiana.

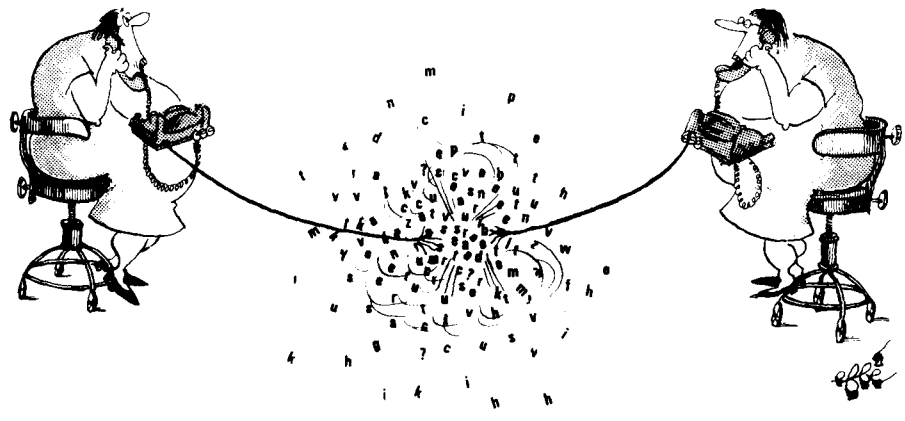
In preparing his inaugural address during the secession winter of 1860 and '61, Abraham Lincoln, a Henry Clay Whig from Illinois, turned instinctively and perhaps somewhat desperately to Jackson's message, as well as to the speeches of Webster and Clay. When he took office in March as the defender of the Union, Lincoln knew that he faced more than a rebellion. For the secession of seven Deep South states and the organization of the Confederacy created "America's most acute constitutional crisis." The peculiarities—and, as importantly, the ambiguities—of the American federal system had provided the framework for this revolt. The constitutional case for perpetual Union was persuasive but not conclusive. Moreover, "thoughtful Americans" from all sections had been reared with the notion that the American Union must rest upon the overwhelming consent of the governed rather than upon military force. Like Jackson before him, Lincoln believed that he confronted treason. But unlike Jackson, he approached the question of force with delicacy. □

The Collected Stories of Caroline Gordon
Introduction by Robert Penn Warren
Farrar, 352 pp., $17.95

WINGS AGAINST THE SKY

MARGARET DICKIE UROFF

The mood of Caroline Gordon's short stories is just this side of elegiac. Here is not a lament for the dead, but rather an evocation of a world that is passing away, a celebration of things enjoyed in every particular precisely because they will not come again. It is not just the inevitability but the propriety of time's passage that Miss Gordon's narratives



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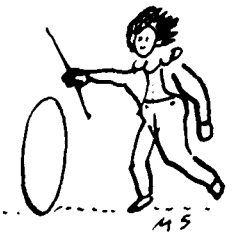
acknowledge. For her the changing world is cherished in its details, arrested for a moment in an image or a comment but then released to its flux. Most of these stories are set in Miss Gordon's native southeast Kentucky and rely on her genius for rural observation—the trembling jewel-weed or the possum's golden eye, for example; but the focus here is always on the individual in that setting: the Southerner perhaps, but more centrally the human being who must face the end of his hunting or loving or madness or suffering.



The characteristic tone is established in the Aleck Maury stories, written in the Thirties about the subject of her well-known novel *Aleck Maury, Sportsman*. Fashioned after Miss Gordon's father, Aleck Maury is a man endowed with a clear sense of his own center, its limits and strengths, and it is this essence that allows him both to resist the temptation of false attractions and to submit to true ones. Susceptible as any man to the gracious audience and solicitous attentions of the widowed Mrs. Carter, Maury's vanity urges him to display his talents as a born raconteur and even to go so far as to quote poetry. He is able to save himself at the last only by sneaking off in the middle of the night to go fishing with his friend, Jim Yost, delivering his poetic valedictory to the lovely lady as he escapes.

"To Thy Chamber Window, Sweet" has its companion piece in "The Last Day in the Field," where Maury succumbs to his true love, hunting. He knows that his time for hunting is past, that the pain in his leg will not allow him to hunt; he also knows that time, like the October frosts that he sees progressively killing the elderberry bushes, will get him at last, but not quite yet. So he sets out with Joe Thomas and his "almost matched liver-and-white pointers . . . on over the Red River Bridge . . . to Spring Creek . . . on through and up Rollow's hill to the top of the ridge." He hunts all day, but, returning to the rig exhausted and in pain, he comes upon "as birdy a place as I ever saw. I looked it over and I knew I'd have to hunt it, leg or no leg, but it would be close work, for me and the dogs too." Indeed, Maury has cut it too close, and in the fading light he shoots too quickly, must shoot a second time. Still he savors the moment of the last bird he will ever kill, holding it suspended in the imagination: "I saw it there for a second, its wings black against the gold light, before, wings still spread, it came whirling down, like an autumn leaf, like the leaves that were everywhere about us, all over the ground." Only a true sportsman would catch the wings still spread; only a man aware of his own death could eulogize the instinctive valor of every creature at the moment of death.

Maury's respect for time is shared by the narrator in "Her Quaint Honor." Coming home to manage a tobacco crop on his grandmother's farm, he judges his time accurately, reckoning to the minute when to approach the old lady, when to tell Tom Doty and his wife, Frankie, to move onto the place. In fact the narrator's sense of timing is shared by the other characters as well, by Tom Doty himself, who judges when it is propitious for Frankie to offer her services as cook to the grandmother, and especially by Bud Ashbury, the local genius at tobacco firing, whose talents the narrator obtains by springing him from jail after a drinking spree. Ashbury knows that you have to have red-hot embers going just right to maintain the draft that will make the tobacco the nice brown everyone wants. But all three of these men, so finely tuned to time, are aware that, when Bud Ashbury in a flush of drunken lust takes after Frankie, the long process of growing and curing tobacco has simply to be put out of mind. As the narrator concludes, "A man has to fight if somebody tries to take his woman," even if the man is white and the woman is black, even if the fire goes out and the tobacco dries out. Time is indeed important, but there are things that are more important.

Written over a span of some forty years, Miss Gordon's stories reveal from first to last a reverence for specificity, the feel and look of things. Even in one of the most recent and heretofore uncollected pieces, "A Walk with the Accuser," where Miss Gordon turns to the theological debates of the Reformation for her subject, she grounds her story in the particulars of place and of psyche. Her range is wide, as she moves historically from an Indian captivity tale to a series of Civil War stories, and geographically from North Africa and Paris in "Emmanuele! Emmanuele!" and Provence in "The Olive Garden" to Kentucky. But every point in time and place is rendered memorable by the wonderful unhurried art of the Southern storyteller. Aware of the symbolic quality of scene and event, Miss Gordon never sacrifices its realistic contour.

Curiously enough, this woman writer frequently speaks through a male narrator, evokes the conventionally male domains of hunting and fishing and courting, and still convinces by her verisimilitude. Caroline Gordon's is a generous sensibility, and these stories reflect fully her wide sympathies. She can evoke the humorous in the drunken Tom of "The Petrified Woman," the heroic in the title character of "Tom Rivers," the terrifying recognition of madness in "The Forest of the South," shocking death in "The Brilliant Leaves" and "One More Time." And over and over again a whole world rises out of these short tales. □

Loitering with Intent
By Muriel Spark
Coward, McCann, 217 pp., $12.95

SPARK COUNTRY

THOMAS MALLON

It is reassuring to open Muriel Spark's 16th novel and find the usual complement of defrocked priests, commercial charlatans, frayed nobles, and profane nonagenarians. These are the longtime tenants of Mrs. Spark's kingdom, which has never, despite certain resemblances to it, been quite of this world. The times and places and happenings of her books may seem, for stretches, almost real, but just as her grammar occasionally collapses, her plots inevitably blip off the radar screen of the possible. Her constant readers have come to expect a certain weirdness with her wit, and will not be surprised to hear her latest heroine, Fleur Talbot, describing her own concerns as "slightly hallucinatory." But Mrs. Spark herself, in this

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new novel, has decided to meditate upon the quirky relationship between fiction and reality more explicitly than she has done before. *Loitering with Intent* is, in fact, Muriel Spark's *Pale Fire*, a comedy in which art and life begin imitating each other with a grand Who's-on-first? sort of confusion. It is one of her very best novels, and in some ways a kind of critical guide to her work so far.

Fleur Talbot, a middle-aged novelist, is reminiscing about her early struggles and successes in the late Forties and early Fifties. We are back in the world of *The Girls of Slender Means*, with its petrol rations, New Look skirts, and letters that arrive before breakfast. But this historical texture is not allowed to become very strong or very deep; predictably, Mrs. Spark plunges us into bizarre waters.

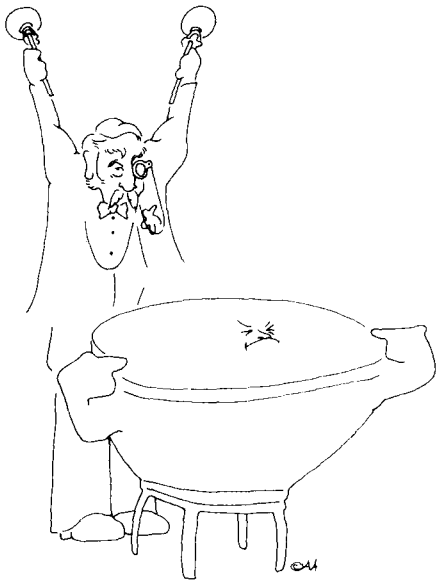
FLEUR recalls her job as the secretary to the Autobiographical Association, a collection of mild crackpots (the usual fallen priests and exiled baronesses) writing their memoirs under the direction of Sir Quentin Oliver, who insists upon complete "frankness" but doesn't object to Fleur's bending the manuscripts in a slightly more literary direction as she types them up. Before long Fleur's experiences at the AA begin to bear alarming resemblances to the events of her novel-in-progress, *Warrender Chase*. Sir Quentin begins to make his clients into his creatures; as things develop he shows signs of becoming a kind of bowler-hatted Jim Jones, and Fleur must extricate herself from an ingenious farrago of stolen manuscripts, burned proofs, filched keys, and ripped-up diaries.

Fleur can be as "orgulous" as Miss Jean Brodie in her harping on "the capacity of my imagination" and in her obsessive recalling of "my *Warrender Chase*." But even if there is, as one of her suitors points out, something a little "creepy" about her, she is a gamely appealing heroine, and Mrs. Spark uses her (as Nabokov used the much madder Charles Kinbote) to tell the reader, as the novel progresses, a thing or two about art.

Fleur admits she's never been especially concerned with letting the reader know where he stands in the middle of one of her novels, and has never paid much mind to psychological cause and effect: "I didn't go in for motives, I never have." When the word "truth" comes up in Fleur's reflections, it tends to be followed by "wonder" or "fun and games." It is the same in Muriel Spark's kingdom: there you don't tediously journey toward truth; you may (or may not) stumble on little bits of it here and there, but whether or not you recognize it is your affair and not much of the author's concern. After all, this is her book, not yours. As Fleur says for her: "I see no reason to keep silent about my enjoyment of the sound of my own voice as I work."

Some of Fleur's musings on the ways of art and life can be pretty banal, just as some of Muriel Spark's own books have not taken full flight: eccentricity does not assure orbit. But there is a certain integrity to those 16 novels, and she remains, for better or worse, a thoroughly original writer. Professors usually leave her out of their courses on modern British fiction because there is never a convenient place to put her. Her much vaunted Catholicism would probably perplex the Pope more than Graham Greene's; she has none of Margaret Drabble's concern for what that writer calls "the small coins of living"; and she certainly has no time for the earnest visions of Doris Lessing.

Mostly she believes, again like Fleur, in the restorative value of "weightless stories" that can be appreciated by the percipient and unaligned: "I always hope the readers of my novels are of good quality. I wouldn't like to think of anyone cheap reading my books." In short, much imagination and few expectations are what the reader must bring, and if you pride yourself on being a "general reader"—well, you should listen to crazy-wise old Lady Edwina scald your ears on page seventy-six.



The jacket photograph by Thomas Victor will prepare you. As you look at *Loitering with Intent* through the bookstore window, weighing its purchase, you will find Mrs. Spark looking back at you over the rims of her glasses. She doesn't look quite sure she wants you either. □

The PUBLIC FORUM

CAPITALISM AND ECSTASY

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Gilder *v.* Kristol: that was, without question, the main event. The Intercollegiate Studies Institute's gala Washtion meeting featured a distinguished lot of speakers: Senator John East, National Security Advisor Richard Allen, Edward Teller, Ernest Lefever. But it was the Saturday morning matchup of George Gilder and Irving Kristol that promised fascination, maybe fireworks.

Both were in character. Kristol was in town on Friday night for the preparatory festivities. Ailing back and all, he was ready to go, and relaxed enough to enjoy the opening feast and speeches.

Gilder arrived, barely, in the morning. He had phoned all over the country from his Massachusetts home the day before, explaining that he had not been told where he was to speak. After ascertaining that it was to be at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, he shuttled down at dawn on Saturday and hit the posh palace looking as if he had just emerged from a week in a freight car. He complained mildly that he couldn't get breakfast at the Mayflower; he just had time to duck down to the men's room and shave.

Probably nobody since Einstein has ever been a less likely Man of the Hour than Gilder. That morning, both Washington papers had carried columns about him. In the *Star*, Hugh Sidey praised

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him; in the *Post*, Colman McCarthy roasted him as a "puffhead economist." He hadn't seen either piece.

Topic: "Wealth, Poverty, and a Humane Economy." The Star Ballroom was full, buzzing.

KRISTOL SPOKE first. He had raised two cheers for capitalism back when *one* sounded daring enough, but even in the flush of Gilderism he draws the line firmly at two. Capitalism means economic activity, and that's all: it produces wealth, so to that extent it's good; but he held it nonsense to glorify capitalism, as Gilder does. No poet ever wrote a paean to merchants, he observed, for the very good reason that the desire for profit is not disinterested, hence not noble.

In the Middle Ages, he went on, the Church had looked darkly on capitalism. It took Adam Smith to *legitimize* profit and to persuade society to let it do its work. But Smith himself—a professor of moral philosophy, not an economist—never thought economics could supply a moral system. Unfettered capitalism produces a lot of undesirable things—including socialists.

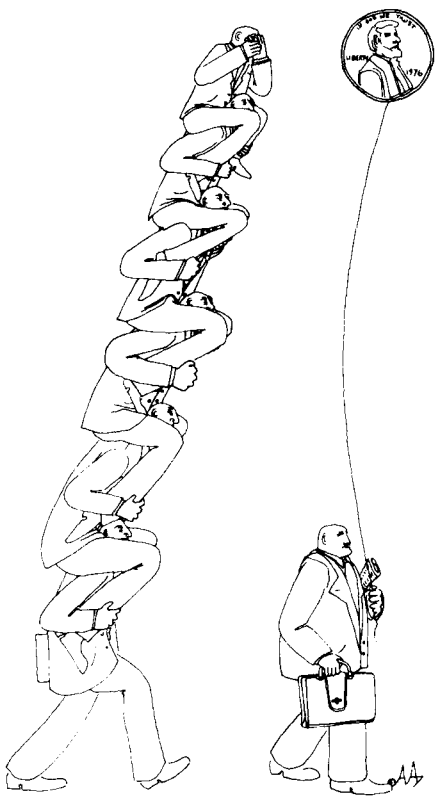
Gilder opened by recalling how horrified his friends had once been to learn he was making a living as a speechwriter. They looked on this as akin to prostitution: writing things he didn't mean! On the contrary, argued Gilder, it was a typically capitalist activity: in order to write a speech suitable for another person, you must appreciate his needs and adopt his perspective. In that sense, success in a free market makes it in our interest to perceive and serve the needs of others. (I listened carefully for the word "altruism," which he uses freely in *Wealth and Poverty*, but he seemed to be avoiding it now—wisely, in my opinion.)

The essence of capitalism, Gilder contended, is "giving." Because the capitalist has no contract for a predetermined return, he has to be creative. Giving, Gilder pointed out, is an art: even Christmas shopping takes imagination. The liberal error is to think that giving is easy, a matter of redistributing liquid wealth. But redistribution reduces the aggregate of wealth: capitalism multiplies it.

Hence Gilder argued that a critic of his, who now works in a soup kitchen, is actually helping others less, however noble his intentions, than if he were to engage in producing something new.

Rejoining, Kristol called *Wealth and Poverty* "three-fourths a great book," but wished humorously that Gilder had never read the anthropologists from whom he took the potlatch as an analogy for capitalist "giving." Kristol insisted that capitalism is, after all, self-interested: the point of what it gives is what it gets back—profit.

In the ensuing debate, Kristol won on points, no question. He had the reductionist's advantage: common sense, a



smaller, completer, more elegant universe. Gilder couldn't top him. But one sensed, nonetheless, that Gilder had seen something Kristol hadn't, though it has yet to find a fully satisfactory formulation.

What, then? I'll take a stab. In the first place, as Kristol would probably agree, capitalism is *civil*. Free, voluntary exchange is the economic aspect of social equality. Dr. Johnson may help us here: he defined politeness as "fictitious benevolence"—a nice *tertium quid* between altruism and hypocrisy. As outward shame can produce inward remorse, so the practical demand that we please others can lead to genuine consideration of a kind autocracy doesn't foster. (Ever stood in a socialist queue or met a clerk in a socialist store?) Johnson observed, too, that the tavern host must treat you royally for his own good. To some degree, equality does encourage mutual respect; to some degree, capitalism encourages genuine concern for others. Self-interested virtue is still virtue, if not the highest kind.

But we may find a fuller analogy in art. Here too Johnson gives us a homely starting-point when he admits that "we who live to please must please to live." Hack work aims only to please. But a Dante, a Shakespeare, even a Pound creates something really new, a genuine addition, as Eliseo Vivas points out, to the universe we know.

The artist does this because he has faith in his audience. He has faith that by perfecting what he makes he will offer something others will desire. At a given moment in his work he won't be thinking of the audience as such, still less of whether this stroke of pen or brush will add to his coffers. Whatever his ultimate personal motive may be, his mind is on his work for its own sake.

The wealthier the society, the more freedom the producer has to choose his market—and therefore to devote himself to the product for its own sake, confident that it will find its own proper market.

The specialization afforded by a capitalist economy, then, conduces not so much to altruism as to ecstasy—in the sense of thinking less of immediate necessities of survival than of losing oneself in the creation of something new. Production and consumption can take on, more than otherwise, the highest qualities of leisure or play, of doing things for their own sake.

IS THIS selfishness? The word misses the point. Part of the liberty of a free economy, and so of its humaneness, is that we are released from brute necessities. Work becomes freedom. The things we enjoy doing are likelier to please others. I have a personal hunch that Dr. Johnson would no longer hold that "no man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money." Under capitalism, a man can even make an honest living as a socialist.

Perhaps Gilder himself best exemplifies the capitalist spirit. No doubt he wanted to make money on his book. But above all—after several books that

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flopped commercially—he wanted to say something. He wagered his efforts that others would find it rewarding. In any case, he went ahead and said it, eyes aglow. He struck it rich. QED. □

ART

THE BOSTON TRADITION

RUTH BERENSON

In the opening paragraph of *The Education of Henry Adams*, the author described his birth in Boston in 1838 "on Beacon Hill . . . in the third house below Mount Vernon Place" and his christening "by his uncle, the minister of the First Church, after the tenets of Boston Unitarianism," and he added: "Had he been born in Jerusalem under the shadow of the Temple and circumcised by his uncle the high priest of Israel . . . he would scarcely have been more distinctly branded." Boston still has a special meaning for most Americans. It's the "Cradle of Liberty," the site of Tea Party, the "Athens of America," the repository of the often maligned "Genteel Tradition"; it's Harvard's next-door neighbor. It doesn't matter whether you speak of Boston Brahmins, like Adams, or Boston Irish, like James Michael Curley, the operative word is *Boston*; for Boston is as "branded" as was Adams himself.

His words seem especially apposite when one views *The Boston Tradition*, an exhibition of 78 paintings from Boston's Museum of Fine Arts which has been touring the country since last November and is now winding up the tour at the Pennsylvania Academy. Spanning some two hundred years, from the 1720s to the 1920s, the show contains a goodly number of masterpieces, from John Singleton Copley's Ingres-like portraits of Boston worthies, painted before he left for London in 1774, to the Americanized Impressionism of Childe Hassam and Maurice Prendergast; in between are Winslow Homer, George Inness, John La Farge, Elihu Vedder, and a number of artists who may be unfamiliar to those who aren't proper Bostonians. The display, however, is more than a sampling of the museum's extensive American holdings; rather it attempts—with considerable success—to demonstrate the existence of a "Boston tradition" in art as distinct, if perhaps not always as distinguished, as that so evident in literature.

In his catalogue introduction, Theodore Stebbins, the museum's Curator of American Painting, points out that what nineteenth century Bostonians liked in art differed substantially from what was preferred in New York or Philadelphia. If the exhibition seems to lean too heavily toward portraits (they make up nearly half the total), this is because, early and late, Bostonians loved having themselves painted: John Smibert, who arrived there from England in 1729, scored an instant triumph with his elegant style based on that of Sir Godfrey Kneller, and he had many successors, including Copley, Gilbert Stuart, and, at the end of the period, John Singer Sargent, whose dazzling rendering of *Mrs. Fiske Warren and her Daughter* is both outrageously flattering and subtly perceptive in contrasting the girl's shyness with her mother's proud self-assurance.

BOSTONIANS also admired figure painting, when the subjects contained allegorical or literary overtones of an elevated nature. Thomas Cole's *Voyage of Life* series was lavishly praised when it was shown at the Atheneum in 1854, while Washington Allston's dreamy females, with their echoes of Titian and Raphael, their air of melancholy revery, seemed the height of greatness and set the tone for similar gently romantic treatments by later figures like George Fuller and William Morris Hunt. Allston's poetic Italianate landscapes enjoyed a similar vogue; conversely, Bostonians rejected the dry American specifics of the Hudson River School, as well as the panoramic spectaculars of Bierstadt and Church. Far more appealing, they thought, were Martin Johnson Heade's deceptively simple views of the salt marshes of nearby Ipswich and the luminous harbor scenes of Robert Salmon and Fitzhugh Lane, which featured the graceful tall-masted schooners whose voyages filled the vaults of State Street bankers.

Still-life, popular elsewhere, found few Boston takers. Nor was the provincial naïveté of folk-art appreciated—at least not until the mid-twentieth century, when a very un-Bostonian Russian-Jewish immigrant, Maxim Karolik (whose wife, however, was a Codman with impeccable Boston credentials), assembled an extensive collection which, along with other fine nineteenth century pictures and furniture, he gave to the Museum in 1964.

Stebbins distinguishes two periods in the development of painting in Boston. The earlier, which began with the first English-born portraitists of the 1670s and lasted until Copley's departure, coincided with the city's economic and political pre-eminence in the Colonies; at that time it was America's artistic headquarters. Then, during the Revolution, decline set in: Boston suffered an abrupt drop in population and began to lag behind first Philadelphia, then New York. The city's second artistic flowering coincided with the so-called "New England Renaissance" of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and the rest. It was prompted by Washington Allston, who settled there in 1818 after 17 years in England and Italy. Despite a lingering Puritanism that tended to regard art, apart from portraiture, as materialistic and somehow dangerous—*vide* Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*—Allston was hailed as Boston's own authentic genius and held court in his Pearl Street studio, in space given him by the Atheneum, until his death in 1843, producing little yet providing a kind of living link to the art and refinement of Europe.

From then on, as Carol Troyen, who organized the exhibition and wrote the informative catalogue, makes clear, Bostonian artists and art-lovers were European-oriented, as other Americans were not. Disciples of Ruskin, they toured the Continent, Baedekers ever at the ready. They shared the Emersonian belief (expressed by the eminent critic William Howe Downs in their favorite newspaper, the *Boston Transcript*), that there is "an inextricable relation between ethics and aesthetics" because "the only durable kind of beauty is spiritual or moral beauty, of which material beauty is but the exterior symbol." This attitude made them ready by the 1860s to accept William Morris Hunt's enthusiasm for Millet and the Barbizon painters, both ignored by New Yorkers until more than a decade later; it also made them appreciate the mystical in-

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tellectualism of Elihu Vedder and the high-toned eclecticism of John La Farge's trail-blazing murals in Trinity Church, which paved the way for the rash of mural painting that spread over the entire country in the 1880s and '90s.

But it did not render them sympathetic to, or even interested in, the innovations of twentieth century art. Boston's hospitality to the new stopped with Impressionism; the famous Armory Show of 1913, which introduced Picasso and Abstraction to shocked but fascinated crowds in New York and Chicago, was nearly ignored during its three weeks in Boston. Throughout the 1920s and '30s, Bostonians cherished their own artists, mostly latter-day followers of Monet, and remained indifferent to the ferment elsewhere; only after World War II did they begin to come to terms with modernism. Even so, the tradition in which they took such pride, and to which they remained faithful for so long, has contributed much to the ongoing story of American painting. □

DELECTATIONS

IN THE BOSOM OF THE FAMILY

NIKA HAZELTON

I am frequently asked how magazines test the recipes they publish—magazines, that is, such as *Family Circle*, *Woman's Day*, and others directed at what is known as the family trade. How a magazine like *Penthouse* would cope with the problem, assuming they ever wished to publish a recipe, I wouldn't know, since I—as *you* know, dear reader—am a family-oriented writer for families. How the *New York Times*, also a family-oriented purveyor of recipes, tests its offerings I also do not know; perhaps they spring full-blown from Craig Claiborne's kitchen. Or are they perhaps perfected by the same superior inspiration or intuition that hovers over that paper's editorial pages?

Be that as it may, one magazine whose testing methods I am eminently qualified to describe is *Family Circle*, since I am currently engaged in compiling a collection of favorite *Family Circle* recipes, in honor of the magazine's fiftieth anniversary. The recipes, culled from their files, are re-tested repeatedly in their special test kitchen, high up in an office building on Madison Avenue in midtown Manhattan. For this job, I cannot work at home, as I usually do—I must be where the files and food editors are, which is next to the kitchen. I sit at a desk nearby, in an office that I share with the home-economists; it directly overlooks St. Patrick's Cathedral, which I find comforting.

The kitchen is a large room in the center of one floor, and it has its own air conditioning unit, as the building's central air conditioning would not be powerful enough. The kitchen is divided into five units, each a complete kitchen in itself, with its own refrigerator, stove, and store of small equipment, flatware, pots and pans, and the like. The home-economists, who do the testing, and who also are invited to submit article ideas, divide their time between these kitchens and a desk in our big room, where they type up their work. The number of home-economists working on the premises at a given time varies according to the volume of work in-house, but there are always at least three of them present. There are also two ladies whose sole charge is keeping the kitchens neat and clean.

Besides the home-economists who do the testing, there is the food and equipment editor, Jean Hewitt, formerly of the *New York Times*. She is known for her own lucid, foolproof cookbooks, and for the fact that while she was at the *Times* the paper's recipes invariably worked. She is also one of the food world's best-liked people. Her duties at *Family Circle* include maintaining contact with the world of public relations, covering events promoting new products, and generally representing the magazine. Her second-in-command is Jane O'Keefe, an extremely clear recipe writer without whom neither the *Family Circle* test kitchen nor the food department, with its encyclopedic repository of recipes and information, could be the same efficient unit it is. The editor of *Family Circle* is Arthur Hettich, who buys articles, offers suggestions to the various departments, and gives final approval to everything that goes into the magazine.

WHEN an article on food is submitted to Jean Hewitt or Arthur Hettich, its practicality, readership appeal, and general suitability are all discussed before it is accepted. In due course, the recipes scheduled for testing are divided among the home-economists; they then order the necessary groceries and start cooking, each in her own kitchen unit. When one of them thinks she's got a recipe right, there is a Tasting, to which the food editors are invited. They judge appearance, flavor feasibility, cost, reader appeal, and the like; if there is any question, they may decide to have the dish tested again. When the recipe is finally judged to be right, there is the Showing, an Event, in which the dish is displayed in its context, with all the accessories, as at a picnic, a family reunion, whatever. The Showing is attended by the food editors, the editor of the magazine, the art director, and at least one of the magazine's photographers (their studio is near the kitchen). If it is exactly right, the dish will be promptly photographed, either in the *Family Circle* studios or in an outside photographer's studio; if it isn't quite right, it will be prepared yet again.

The recipe is then typed to *Family Circle* style and two food editors read it aloud to each other to make sure that nothing has been left out or misplaced in the typing process. They also check for consistency of style, and then send it to the production department. When it comes back from the printer, it is read again by the chief copy editor.

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Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

THE UPPER and upper-middle classes in Cuba that had prospered under Batista and fled as Fidel Castro marched into Havana, or soon thereafter, were, by and large, regarded in this country as dilettantes who drank too much, played too hard, and had managed to get their money safely out of Cuba and invested in large villas in the playgrounds of the Western world. Some of them joined in ill-fated, often hairbrained plots that resulted in a number of aborted missions into Cuba and finally exploded in the Bay of Pigs fiasco. Like him or not, many thought Castro had done Cuba a favor by sweeping away an aristocratic encrustation that had outlived its usefulness to the nation.

But now there is an account of a brave and resourceful "oligarch"—as the Castroites would call him—taking his life in his hands to overthrow a brutal government. *Tocayo* (Sandown/Shamrock, Westport, Conn., $14.95), by Antonio Navarro, is the account of the author's work with the Resistance in the year preceding the Bay of Pigs invasion in April 1961 and of how this cultivated Cuban executive came to join the leading Cuban subversive movement, Revolutionary Democratic Rescue (*Rescate*).

Navarro is identified by his publisher as being at present "a vice president of a major international corporation." His style is lucid, taut, and sensual: at times brilliant. *Tocayo* begins with a holiday party of wealthy Cubans, Americans, and Cuban-Americans at a resort hotel on the Isle of Pines. It is December 30, 1958: the women are sunning themselves, the men preparing for a live-pigeon shoot, and everyone is drinking and, intermittently, listening to the radio as it describes the inexorable advance of Castro and his men upon the Batista government. The scene is finely drawn: a superb vignette of life on the verge of the Revolution.

Navarro's first reaction to the takeover was that a little liberalism would be a good thing. But his wife, an Irish-American millionairess whose family had been in Cuba two generations, was immediately sensitive to Castro's intentions: her suspicions proved founded when the Prime Minister, breaking his promise, seized her father's company, Textilera, for the government. (Navarro depicts, in a brilliant scene, a sugar-mill owner pledging the dictator his services, while Castro toys sadistically with this "useful fool," coyly playing with the G-string that conceals his true ideological parts.) After this betrayal—the political compounded by the personal—Navarro joined up with *Rescate*; its Cuban operation was headed by a society doctor who, like the Scarlet Pimpernel, disguised himself in simpering frivolity. At last Navarro was arrested, while helping to plan the invasion of the island from Miami: the story of his escape reads like superior spy fiction.

FIDEL CASTRO complained that Carlos Alberto Montaner's *Secret Report on the Cuban Revolution* (Transaction, New Brunswick, N.J., $14.95; paperback, $6.95) was written "from facts provided by the CIA." The book is in truth a formless, scrambled, ill-written thing by a political refugee who left Cuba in 1961 and who now writes a political column and teaches Latin-American literature. His intent was to write a subjective study of life in contemporary Cuba, but he is scarcely successful at this. Yet his final advice to the U.S. Department of State is shrewd and most compelling. "It is sound to revive the [counter-revolutionary] spirit of 1959; the same cannot be said for its methods. They were futile then and are absurd now." Nevertheless, the Cuban people, he believes, are so soured on Castro and Communism as to be ripe for a reasonable-sounding propaganda assault. Beam them offers of economic aid in return for democratic reforms; promise to protect them, if necessary, from the fury of the Soviets; and Washington will stand a good chance of wresting back—for the first time in history—a country lost to the Communist bloc. □

FOUND IN CLOSET!

We recently discovered a small treasure in the back of a storeroom closet—several boxes of "A Hymnal: The Controversial Arts," a famous Buckley best-seller. This is the original hardcover edition in mint condition. (Somehow these got overlooked or they would have been long gone by now.)

"A Hymnal" is really something special, a top-drawer collection of some of Bill Buckley's best writings. It's a great book to have handy to enliven your own conversations (or arguments), or for just plain unadulterated enjoyment. It's filled with items that you're bound to find as fascinating as they are informative. And it's big, almost 500 pages, covering well over 100 articles, essays, etc.—a feast for the discerning reader.

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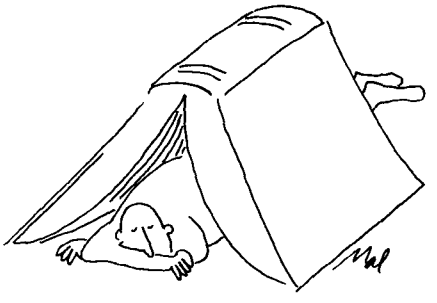
A test kitchen is an expensive operation, but for a publication such as a food magazine it is essential. So is a large library of cookbooks (in the midst of which I sit with the other women) and an elaborate system for filing and cross-filing recipes and tearsheets so that you can immediately learn what articles the magazine has printed in the past on the subject of, say, enchiladas or carrot cake. The number of recipes is staggering, and their variety is enormous. The *Family Circle* recipes are preceded by symbols indicating their suitability for company, cost, caloric content, and ease of preparation. Altogether, the care that goes into their testing, writing, and compilation is astounding.

NOTE: *For those of you who are breathlessly awaiting the results of The Great 1981 Delectations Contest, I will announce the winners in my next column.* □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE CAMERA AGE: *Essays on Television, by Michael J. Arlen (Farrar, 337 pp., $13.95).* *The New Yorker* has hired Michael Arlen, one of the sharpest and most entertaining writers around, to write about television. This is his third collection of essays on the medium. Arlen's pieces are suffused with a sense of what it's like to watch TV: "this huge, shared, strangely experienceless experience as it sometimes seems to be." He is not interested in the reality behind a TV presentation as much as in the presentation itself—what he calls "filmic reality," a peculiar and at times nauseating blend of cinematographic and psychological contents. News documentaries and entertainment shows are treated as differing mostly in tone. For instance, writing about the obsessive but bland coverage of the hostages in Iran, he observes that no one thought Iran was much of a story, until the news directors saw all those dark beards on film: Iran was photogenic. In his wonderfully funny essay "Smooth Pebbles at Southfork," the Ewings, the family of Texas oil millionaires on *Dallas*, are compared to "townspeople in a Western movie who have temporarily lost track of the moral drift of the situation." The show is different from traditional soap operas, where people act with a set of reasons and stick to them, for the same reason that it is so astronomically popular: the Ewings are "the foremost pioneers in the new field of behavioral improvisation, though they are no longer alone." Arlen's sense of proportion, however, is not as good as his particular insights are, and a superfluous, PBS type of studied-morality inflection creeps in here and there. He rates Walter Cronkite's performance in the CBS newsroom on the night of the Three Mile Island "incident" high. " 'Good evening,' said Cronkite, speaking with unmistakable gravity. 'The world has never known a day quite like today.' . . . Cronkite had broken through the barrier and for a tiny moment dared us to see the real horror of the times we live in, through the eyes of a most decent man who could not, and perhaps would not, keep the fear and despair out of his voice in the service of the higher stability." Where does Michael Arlen live? Next door to the Brady Bunch? But he has also written two very good essays in this same collection, for which it is worth buying. One, "The State of the Art," is an interview with David Haskell Sawyer, a political media consultant. The other, "The Prosecutor," is an uncovering of Dan Rather's "prairiegate" fabrication of corruption in Wyoming for *60 Minutes*. His postscript describing the "thin-skinned and belligerent" response from CBS news executives is worth a thousand pictures.

MARY SCHWARZ



RUN TO THE WATERFALL, *by Arturo Vivante (Scribner's, 145 pp., $8.95).* Vivante handles language with care. He treats it like a precious thing, using only what he needs, selecting the simplest words from the storehouse, leaving behind irrelevance and pretense. His writing bespeaks courtesy and sensitivity—is so illustrative of these qualities, in fact, that it tempts one to believe that the things it is courteous and sensitive *about* deserve to be approached with kid gloves. They do not. These short stories are vulgar at their roots. They are about greed, vanity, and cowardice. For the most part they concern a family of landed gentry in modern-day Siena. The father, a philosopher, throws away money on peach trees and a thieving foreman, and takes the estate to the brink of bankruptcy. A doctor son forsakes his patients for painting and continues to live in his parents' house despite his loathing for his father. Worried that his sexual repertoire doesn't please his wife, he tones up on a lusty houseguest, then marvels later that he feels like an outsider at the family table. Self-criticism isn't in him; never was. On a ship of deportees during the war he very nearly

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jumped overboard and escaped to the U.S., but fear held him. Instead of ruing his cowardice he brought his wrist to his lips and planted a kiss there. Born into money and blessed with talent, Vivante's people have the wherewithal to do great things. They do mean things. They entertain the desires of slobs, are beastly to their fathers, cheat on their wives, shun their children, and through it all hold themselves in highest regard. They are misers with their feelings. They don't waste kisses on others when they can kiss themselves. Vivante's language is too good for them. If his linguistic refinement were not so contrary to what he describes one might mistake it for resignation. But it is a most subtle criticism, perhaps. Vivante may be resorting to the sublime to expose the reprehensible. PAUL T. HORNAK

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ROMANTIC LOVE, *by Nathaniel Branden (Tarcher, 210 pp., $10).* This is the definitive book—so far—on the subject of romantic love. Very few "definitive" books are only two hundred pages long, but Branden packs a lot of substance into every sentence. As some readers may remember, Nathaniel Branden was closely associated with Ayn Rand in New York City back in the Sixties; he then went to California, earned a doctorate, and became one of the leaders of the Human Potential Movement. *The Psychology of Romantic Love* begins with an historical overview of the topic, which Mr. Branden defines as "a passionate spiritual-emotional-sexual attachment between a man and a woman that reflects a high regard for the value of each other's person." He shows that unequivocal romantic love (undiluted by economic, family, or tribal considerations) is a comparatively modern, almost uniquely Western, phenomenon: a consequence of the growth of individualism and capitalism, especially in America. And, as Branden points out, most of the opposition to romantic love comes from those who are down on free enterprise and individualism. But why does a country which is so committed to the ideal of romantic love have so very little which lasts? The answers to this question make up the heart of the book. Although Branden is enthusiastically in favor of romantic love, never for an instant does he imply that its success is easy, guaranteed, or free from risk. Quite the opposite. As he says, "[Their] love does not ensure their maturity and wisdom, . . . automatically teach them communication skills or effective methods of conflict resolution or the art of integrating their love into the rest of their existence, or . . . produce self-esteem; it may reinforce it, but it cannot create it." As one who disagrees with the old saw that love is blind, Branden believes that successful romantic love demands the sharpest focus and clearest awareness possible. He is very candid when discussing the dark side of romantic love—such things as jealousy, infidelity, and above all the very real possibility of loss. Not surprisingly, he believes that a happy and successful romance must have a strong philosophical foundation. He considers self-esteem the keystone: "The first love affair we must consummate successfully is the love affair with ourselves. Only then are we ready for other love relationships . . . if we do not love ourselves, we cannot love anyone else. This is true enough but it is only part of the picture. If we do not love ourselves, it is almost impossible to believe fully that we *are loved* by someone else. It is almost impossible to accept love." JACK KIRWAN

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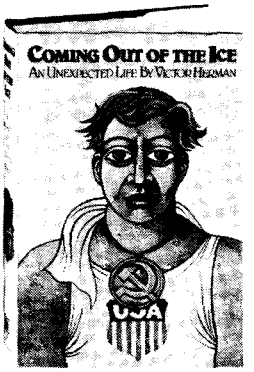

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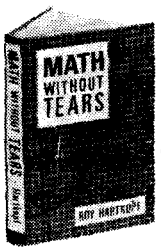

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Maryknollers v. Christianity

On The Right

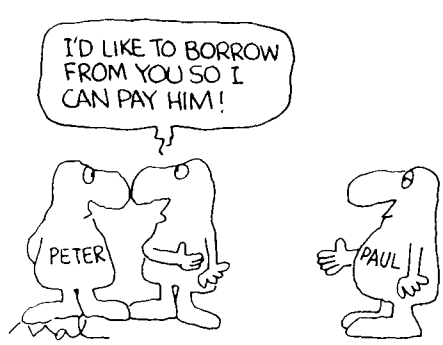
New York, June 22—As everyone knows who cares to know, there is a division among Catholics on the subject of liberation theology. When the Pope went down to Mexico last time, he threw a lot of holy water on the subject, but failed to douse the flames that move some Catholics to understand the Gospels as a prophecy of Karl Marx, whose doctrines to be sure have warts, but who really should be baptized as the friend of the oppressed of this world. What the Pope said to the bishops at Puebla in 1979 was, "In some cases people claim to show Jesus as politically committed, as one who fought against Roman oppression and the authorities, and also as one involved in the class struggle. This idea of Christ as a political figure, a revolutionary, as the subversive man from Nazareth, does not tally with the Church's catechesis. By confusing the insidious pretexts of Jesus' accusers with the—very different—attitude of Jesus Himself, some people adduce as the cause of His death the outcome of a political conflict and nothing is said of the Lord's will to deliver Himself and of His consciousness of His redemptive mission."

Now that is quite a mouthful, and though everybody knows there are good and bad popes, and popes that have said and will say silly things, in fact nuns and priests have to grant to the pope pre-emptive authority over what Pope John Paul here called "the Church's catechesis." Nonetheless, the Maryknollers and their allies go forward under the banner, sometimes implicit, sometimes explicit, of a thing called "Christian Marxism," a concept one has as tough a time with as "Jewish Nazism."

Consider, for instance, a few comments on Castro's Cuba that have appeared in the official publication of the Maryknollers. "There is an impressive spirit of revolutionary idealism in the Cuban people and in their lifestyle. . . . There is no doubt that the Cuban revolution has contributed to better education and medical attention for the island's ten million population [Stop! There *is* a doubt, and it is well-founded]. It emphasizes the dignity of women, workers, and *campesinos*. Another development is the dedicated internationalism permeating Cuban society, the realization of personal responsibility for people outside the nation's borders. These advances in a brief span of twenty years are unparalleled in Latin America."

Hardly unparalleled. A few hundred men led by Cortés, and a few hundred led by Pizarro, transformed huge hunks of Latin America in less than twenty years, and, as a matter of fact, killed fewer people in doing so. But, of course, the passage here quoted might have been published in *Pravda*. Its appearance in a publication officially devoted to spreading the Gospel of the Lord, describing a country that persecutes religion and seeks to indoctrinate an entire nation in atheism, reminds us that the Catholic Church is hardly the monolith so widely advertised, and suggests that one of the most urgent tasks is the organization of a missionary order to evangelize the Maryknoll missionary order, to which end this is a humble contribution.

It should quickly be said, as after all it should be said about many of the early Communists and, I suppose, Nazis, that these folk are driven by idealism. When Maryknollers go down to such countries as El Salvador and encounter there hunger, bureaucratic arrogance, torture, killing—they react against it. But the big lesson of the twentieth century is that reactions against situations odious or even merely unpleasant require the exercise of historical discrimination. Almost everyone who experienced the shambles of the Weimar Republic sought desperately an alternative to it. But the alternative that ought not to have appealed was an authoritarian regime presided over by Adolf Hitler, which quickly evolved into a totalitarian regime.



The nuns and priests who go from seminaries to the poverty-ridden ghettos of Latin America would do well, as Professor Michael Novak has suggested, to read Adam Smith, who (as was his habit) predicted everything that would happen, distinguishing social arrangements in Latin America and in North America: predicting (and this was two hundred years ago) disorder and poverty in the one part of the world, and progress and affluence in the other. People don't kill nuns in Catholic countries because they are nuns, or at least normal people do not. And about abnormal people, one finds it no easier to prescribe for those who kill nuns in El Salvador, than for those who kill Beatles in New York.

What is needed, as I say, is a significant enhancement of the curriculum at Maryknoll. Because although these men and women are to be praised for their corporal acts of mercy, they must be reminded that the sovereign law is to love the Lord, and one cannot do this and also love either Fidel Castro, or the hideous policies evoked by the mention of his name. □

THE IMPOSSIBLE MR. BEGIN

New York, June 10—Can we all agree, just this one time, on the following?

1. Mr. Begin, as a human being, is just this side of impossible.

2. The Iraqis need nuclear energy to produce electrical power as Eskimos need ice-makers. (If you stumble in Iraq, you strike oil.)

3. The configuration of the nuclear plant ordered by the Iraqis from France was such as to permit it to go into the business of plutonium production. Their plant was cheaper to build than a conventional power reactor. Any plutonium the Iraqi plant produced could more conveniently have been "withdrawn" (getting it from a power reactor would

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require the huge and unwarranted expense of shutting the plant down). In short, deductive scientific and logistical intelligence suggests that the Iraqis were indeed in the business of creating an A-bomb.

4. On October 4, 1980, *Al Thawra*, an official Baghdad newspaper (there are no unofficial Baghdad newspapers, because editors of same get their hands cut off), protested a raid on its nuclear plant by Iranian planes. The paper said, "The Iranian people should not fear the Iraqi nuclear reactor, which is not intended to be used against Iran, *but against the Zionist enemy*."

5. The State of Iraq and the State of Israel are technically "in a state of belligerency" with each other—complicated, to be sure, by Iraq's refusal to concede the existence of Israel. A more precise way to put it is: If Israel existed, Iraq would be at war with it.

6. Iraq signed the non-proliferation treaty. However, a) most countries break treaties, and b) under the terms of the treaty, you can opt out by the simple expedient of serving three months' public notice.

7. Begin's argument that if he had postponed the bombing of the nuclear plant he'd have subjected Iraqis to radiation is plausible, if not compelling. (Six weeks and one day from now, i.e., after the Israeli election, the nuclear power plant would not have reached the dangerous stage to which Begin pointed.) However, what is the argument for postponing the destruction of a destructive atomic plant? Wouldn't it have been better to knock down the Berlin Wall when it was a foot high, than when it was twenty feet high?

8. A responsible policy on how to discourage little nations' acquiring nuclear power hasn't really evolved. Once upon a time the People's Republic of China, as a member of the nuclear family, was a "little power." At that time everyone was arguing about the dangers of nuclear war, even more stridently than they do today, and the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy was everywhere.

On December 15, 1964, the following words were published: "The question before the house is whether we are morally entitled, and strategically compelled, to abort that threat while there is yet time. We cannot forever prevent Red China from manufacturing the bomb. But we could significantly delay her doing so by the simple expedient of bombing her nuclear facilities, whose location we know exactly; now, at this moment. The proposal is to give a two-hour notice to the Red Chinese that we intend to destroy these facilities, and so give the civilian, military, and scientific population a chance to evacuate the plants: which then we would proceed, pure and simple, to blow up."

9. The author concluded: "What could the pacifists persuasively say in protest? What actually is the difference between bombing nuclear facilities, and throwing nuclear bombs into the sea, the end they constantly dream of?"

10. The author of those words was of course—me. From whom the impossible Mr. Begin has learned a lesson. □

TIMERMAN AGAIN

New York, June 19—It would be pleasant to move on to such questions as what can be done about human torture when used as an instrument of national policy. Last week—for instance—a Soviet doctor to whom a dissident was sent in the expectation that he would be adjudged insane, and therefore tucked away in one of those convenient Soviet psychiatric prisons, was himself sentenced. His offense? He said the dissident was sane. His sentence? Twelve years. The general reaction? So what. We're all too busy talking about Jacobo Timerman, who, having spent two hideous years in an Argentine torture chamber, has decided to become chief architect of world human rights policy, and anybody who doesn't agree with him is a liar, pro-Nazi, antisemitic, pro-war, and a McCarthyite.

Mr. Timerman has an extraordinary capacity to intimidate. In part, no doubt, this issues from a quite normal indisposition to be other than considerate of a man who carries a torturer's scars, and is indisposed to conceal them. On the contrary, he has put in for television time to be tortured yet again, so that the world might know what torture is. The idea is not novel. It has been suggested before that executions be public, so that the viewing audience can (check one) a) learn how hideous the experience is and forever bar capital punishment; or b) learn how hideous the experience is and turn away from crime. One fears that it is a delusion of Mr. Timerman that if the dictators of this world saw a man writhing in pain they would abandon the profession of torture. Anyone who believes that will believe anything, which is exactly Mr. Timerman's problem.

The most recent factual controversy is on the so-called Wiesenthal matter. It runs as follows: 1) A Uruguayan journalist, Mr. Ruegger, publishes an account of a taped interview with Simon Wiesenthal in which Wiesenthal said among other things that Timerman exaggerated antisemitism in Argentina, and in any case got into trouble not because he was Jewish but because he was a leftist. 2) I publish a paragraph of the Ruegger article, which appeared in *El País*, Montevideo, on April 26. 3) Timerman reproaches Wiesenthal. 4) Wiesenthal says Ruegger misquoted him. 5) The *New York Times*'s Colin Campbell reaches Wiesenthal who confirms that he was misquoted. Then the *Times* reaches Timerman who says he is pleased to have been exonerated. Then the *Times* reaches Ruegger who says the interview, conducted in Spanish, German, and English, with a translator, was taped. The *Times* then reads to Ruegger the quotes from my column. Ruegger says they sound correct to him, but his English isn't very good.

The *Times* then runs the story featuring Wiesenthal's disavowal. But no apparent effort was made to listen to the tapes.

I, then, contrive to reach Mr. Ruegger by telephone, and eventually succeed in doing so. We speak in Spanish, and I bring him up to date. He is very upset and says he declines to prolong the controversy over the telephone, that I should write and ask him whatever I wish to ask him. I shall do so.

Although it really isn't that important what Wiesenthal did or didn't say about Timerman. There is no doubt that Ruegger wrote the piece he did, stands by it, says he has tapes; and no doubt that his words were correctly transcribed in my column. But such are the dissipations of time and effort that flow out of the Timerman controversy. But why is it a controversy?

For two reasons. The first is that a growing number of people believe there is something fishy going on. The State of Israel, after all, conducts business with the State of Argentina, and sells it arms. The principal spokesman for Argentine Jews, Dr. Nehemias Resnizky, head of the Delegation of Israeli-Argentine Organizations (DAIA) has said that Timerman's charges of antisemitism as government policy are of course "groundless."

And the second is that Mr. Timerman has constituted himself a moral majority on the human rights question, attacking those who believe in quiet diplomacy (for instance Henry Kissinger) as insensitive to human rights. Mr. Timerman, in other words, spends his time challenging the motivations of people whose careers in defense of human rights are at least as extensive as his own. By his actions he is progressively stressing not his physical heroism, but his moral arrogance. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. What ulcers can give you — 31 7 44 113 120 97 106 16 116 128 / 145

B. One of the earlier modern Bibles was translated by him — 65 125 86 133 117 48 22

C. Something that covers or encloses — 102 30 35 50 75 131 15 149 154 160

D. The Egyptian lunar god — 105 36 87 76 72

E. An irreligious person — 144 66 114 111 23 166 103

F. Push — 159 32 88 67 81

G. Never pat a lion, said Tom, ____. — 164 132 192 8 19 158 47 107 85 98 / 140

H. American League catcher, 1911-1922; in 1920 Series — 174 52 115 45 20 33 126 68 96

I. Time of widespread glaciation — 12 18 24 29 58 64

J. Deserted — 181 1 157 121 89 99 26 82 175

K. *How a photograph* might vote in Congress — 46 84 163 137 127 183 60 112

L. What the Savior spoke with — 55 191 182 91 136 69 28 185 79

M. Formerly the ninth month — 74 177 148 61 169 38 78 189

N. What the Soviet Empire did to Afghanistan — 188 80 165 134 122 92

O. Another foodshop in India? — 17 21 178 27 37 43 49 73

P. A Superior port — 34 39 56 142 62 77

Q. Unfortunate — 110 135 195 3 42 94 170 155

R. A reduction in a tax's full amount — 147 51 139 123 95 118 129 168 143

S. *What a Ku Kluxer* wears to bed — 176 153 104 63 150 146 4 10 171

T. The seventh day of the week (*not* the first!) — 184 173 141 130 194 172 101

U. What the ol' grey mare was hitched to — 138 11 25 193 53 93 9 100 167 187 / 2

V. A yellowish or greyish shade of color — 196 54 40 108 151 156 179 6

W. Town in McKinley County, N.M. — 5 119 109 57 190 124 13 180

X. To withstand — 83 162 41 70

Y. A woman by a man? — 90 186 152 59 71 161 14

1 J	2 U	3 Q	4 S	5 W	6 V		7 A	8 G	9 U		10 S	11 U	12 I	13 W	14 Y		
15 C	16 A	17 O		18 I	19 G	20 H	21 O		22 B	23 E	24 I		25 U	26 J	27 O	28 L	
29 I	30 C	31 A		32 F	33 H	34 P		35 C	36 D	37 O		38 M	39 P	40 V	41 X	42 Q	
43 O	44 A		45 H	46 K	47 G		48 B	49 O	50 C		51 R	52 H	53 U	54 V	55 L	56 P	
57 W		58 I	59 Y	60 K	61 M		62 P	63 S	64 I	65 B		66 D	67 F	68 H	69 L	70 X	
71 Y	72 D	73 O	74 M	75 C		76 D	77 P	78 M	79 L		80 N	81 F	82 J	83 X	84 K	85 G	
	86 B	87 D	88 F	89 J		90 Y	91 L	92 N	93 U	94 Q	95 R	96 H		97 A	98 G	99 J	
100U	101T	102C	103E	104S		105D	106A	107G		108V	109W	110Q	111E	112K		113A	
114E	115H		116A	117B	118R	119W		120A	121J	122N		123P	124W	125B	126H		
127K	128A	129R		130T	131C	132G	133B	134N	135Q	136L		137K	138U	139R	140G		
141T	142P	143R		144E	145A		146S	147R	148M	149C		150S	151V	152Y		153S	
154C	155Q	156V	157J	158G	159F		160C	161Y	162X		163K	164G	165N	166E	167U	168R	
169M	170Q	171S	172T		173T	174H	175J		176S	177M	178O		179V	180W	181J	182L	
	183K	184T		185L	186Y	187U	188N	189M		190W	191L	192G	193U	194T	195Q	196V	

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 798 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

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The Modern Little Red Hen.

Once upon a time, there was a little red hen who scratched about the barnyard until she uncovered some grains of wheat. She called her neighbors and said, "If we plant this wheat, we shall have bread to eat. Who will help me plant it?"

"Not I," said the cow.

"Not I," said the duck.

"Not I," said the pig.

"Not I," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen. And she did. The wheat grew tall and ripened into golden grain. "Who will help me reap my wheat?" asked the little red hen.

"Not I," said the duck.

"Out of my classification," said the pig.

"I'd lose my seniority," said the cow.

"I'd lose my unemployment compensation," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen, and she did.

At last it came time to bake the bread. "Who will help me bake the bread?" asked the little red hen.

"That would be overtime for me," said the cow.

"I'd lose my welfare benefits," said the duck.

"I'm a dropout and never learned how," said the pig.

"If I'm to be the only helper, that's discrimination," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen.

She baked five loaves and held them up for her neighbors to see.

They all wanted some and, in fact, demanded a share. But the little red hen said, "No, I can eat the five loaves myself."

"Excess profits!" cried the cow.

"Capitalist leech!" screamed the duck.

"I demand equal rights!" yelled the goose.

And the pig just grunted. And they painted "unfair" picket signs and marched round and round the little red hen, shouting obscenities.

When the government agent came, he said to the little red hen, "You must not be greedy."

"But I earned the bread," said the little red hen.

"Exactly," said the agent. "That is the wonderful free enterprise system. Anyone in the barnyard can earn as much as he wants. But under our modern government regulations, the productive workers must divide their product with the idle."

And they lived happily ever after, including the little red hen, who smiled and clucked, "I am grateful. I am grateful."

But her neighbors wondered why she never again baked any more bread.

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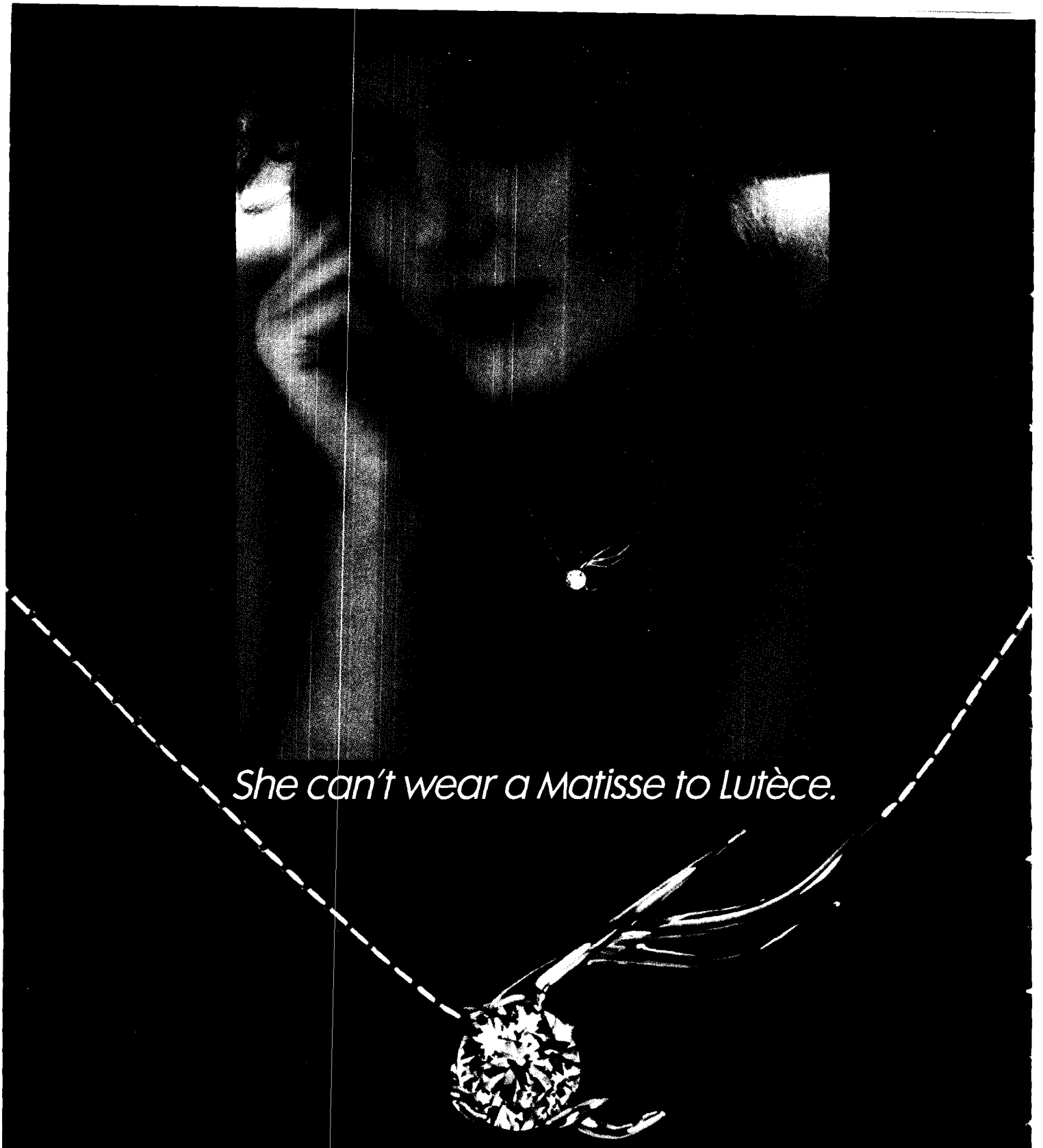

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